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THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

WITH

AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DURELL.

1811.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

TWENTY years have elapsed since the death of Dr. Johnson, during which his character and talents have been scrutinized with a severity unprecedented in literary biography. There never, indeed, was a human being of whom more may be known by those who have had no opportunity of personal acquaintance, and perhaps never a man whose failings, after having been exposed by imprudence or exaggerated by malice, were sooner forgotten in the esteem excited by his superior talents, and steady virtues. Besides many impressions of his individual pieces, three large editions of his collected works have been bought up by the public, and a fourth, which has been loudly called for, is now completed. What Lord Chesterfield said of Swift, may be as truly applied to this author, "Whoever in the three kingdoms has any books at all, has *Johnson*."

In this edition, I have taken the liberty to omit "Cebes Table, or the Picture of Human Life." By what

means it came to be printed among Dr. Johnson's productions, I know not, except that there was once a traditionary report that he translated it for Dodsley's Preceptor. But internal evidence may be more safely relied on in the case of Dr. Johnson than of almost any other writer, and in this article it is impossible to discover the most distant resemblance to his style, nor has any of his biographers attributed it to him. The truth is, it was translated by Mr. Spence, first published in the third volume of Dodsley's Museum, in 1747, and copied into the Preceptor the following year.

To fill up the space occupied by this article, I have supplied five papers of the ADVENTURER, hitherto omitted by the mistake of Sir John Hawkins, the first collector of Dr. Johnson's works. I have also added such of Dr. Johnson's DEDICATIONS as have been yet discovered, one or two of which Mr. Boswell overlooked or rejected. Among these is the dedication to the Parliament, of a book entitled, "The Evangelical History of Jesus Christ." Mr. Boswell cannot allow that Dr. Johnson wrote this, because "he was no croaker, no declaimer against the *times*." This, however, is contradicted by the tenor of some of Dr. Johnson's writings before the present reign, and even by some of those conversations which Mr. Boswell has collected. The arti-

cle is as evidently Johnsonian as any which have been attributed to him from internal evidence ; and it was copied into the Literary Journal while he was the editor of that publication. His other DEDICATIONS have been so long considered as models of courtly address, that no apology seems necessary for this addition to the many proofs he has given of excellence in every species of composition.

A few illustrative notes have been appended to some parts of this edition. The time is not yet come when it will be necessary to extend this kind of information, but some events and circumstances required explanation, and some dates were wanting to the lesser pieces. I have only to add that the RAMBLERS and IDLERS were revised according to the text of the lately collated edition in the BRITISH ESSAYISTS, and several material errors have been corrected.

ALEXR. CHALMERS.

London, January, 1806.

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AN

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE AND GENIUS

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

WHEN the works of a great writer, who has bequeathed to posterity a lasting legacy, are presented to the world, it is naturally expected, that some account of his life should accompany the edition. The reader wishes to know as much as possible of the author. The circumstances that attended him, the features of his private character, his conversation, and the means by which he rose to eminence, become the favourite objects of inquiry. Curiosity is excited; and the admirer of his works is eager to know his private opinions, his course of study, the particularities of his conduct, and, above all, whether he pursued the wisdom which he recommends, and practised the virtue which his writings inspire. A principle of gratitude is awakened in every

generous mind. For the entertainment and instruction which genius and diligence have provided for the world, men of refined and sensible tempers are ready to pay their tribute of praise, and even to form a posthumous friendship with the author.

In reviewing the life of such a writer, there is, besides, a rule of justice to which the public have an undoubted claim. Fond admiration and partial friendship should not be suffered to represent his virtues with exaggeration ; nor should malignity be allowed, under a specious disguise, to magnify mere defects, the usual failings of human nature, into vice or gross deformity. The lights and shades of the character should be given ; and, if this be done with a strict regard to truth, a just estimate of Dr. Johnson will afford a lesson perhaps as valuable as the moral doctrine that speaks with energy in every page of his works.

The present writer enjoyed the conversation and friendship of that excellent man more than thirty years. He thought it an honour to be so connected, and to this hour he reflects on his loss with regret ; but regret, he knows, has secret bribes, by which the judgment may be influenced, and partial affection may be carried beyond the bounds of truth. In the present case, however, nothing needs to be disguised, and exaggerated praise is unnecessary. It is an observation of the younger Pliny, in his epistle to his friend Tacitus, that history ought never to magnify matters of fact, because worthy actions require nothing but the truth. *Nam nec historia debet egredi veritatem, et honeste factis veritas sufficit.* This

rule the present biographer promises shall guide his pen throughout the following narrative.

It may be said, the death of Dr. Johnson kept the public mind in agitation beyond all former example. No literary character ever excited so much attention ; and, when the press has teemed with anecdotes, apophthegms, essays, and publications of every kind, what occasion now for a new tract on the same threadbare subject ? The plain truth shall be the answer. The proprietors of Johnson's Works thought the life, which they prefixed to their former edition, too unwieldy for republication. The prodigious variety of foreign matter, introduced into that performance, seemed to overload the memory of Dr. Johnson, and in the account of his own life to leave him hardly visible. They wished to have a more concise, and for that reason, perhaps a more satisfactory account, such as may exhibit a just picture of the man, and keep him the principal figure in the fore ground of his own picture. To comply with that request is the design of this essay, which the writer undertakes with a trembling hand. He has no discoveries, no secret anecdotes, no occasional controversy, no sudden flashes of wit and humour, no private conversation, and no new facts, to embellish his work. Every thing has been gleaned. Dr. Johnson said of himself, " I am not uncandid, nor severe ; I sometimes say more than I mean, in jest, and people are apt to think me serious."* The exercise of that privilege, which is enjoyed by every man in society, has not been allowed to him. His

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. ii. p. 465. 4to. edit.

fame has given importance even to trifles ; and the zeal of his friends has brought every thing to light. What should be related, and what should not, has been published without distinction. *Dicenda tacenda locuti !* Every thing that fell from him has been caught with eagerness by his admirers, who, as he says in one of his letters, have acted with the diligence of spies upon his conduct. To some of them the following lines, in Mallet's poem on verbal criticism, are not inapplicable ;

> "Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
> Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound ;
> Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
> This humble friend attends from shore to shore ;
> With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
> He picks up what his patron drops behind,
> With those choice cates his palate to regale,
> And is the careful TIBBALD of A WHALE."

After so many essays and volumes of *Johnsoniana*, what remains for the present writer ? Perhaps, what has not been attempted ; a short, yet full, a faithful, yet temperate, history of Dr. Johnson.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, September 7th. 1709, O. S.* His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller in that city ; a man of large athletic make, and violent passions ; wrongheaded, positive, and at times afflicted with a degree of melancholy, little

* This appears in a note to Johnson's Diary, prefixed to the first of his prayers. After the alteration of the style, he kept his birthday on the 18th. of September, and it is accordingly marked September $\frac{7}{18}$.

short of madness. His mother was sister to Dr. Ford, a practising physician, and father of Cornelius Ford, generally known by the name of PARSON FORD, the same who is represented near the punchbowl in Hogarth's Midnight Modern Conversation. In the Life of Fenton, Johnson says, that "his abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise." Being chaplain to the Earl of Chesterfield, he wished to attend that nobleman on his embassy to the Hague. Colley Cibber has recorded the anecdote. "You should go," said the witty peer, "if to your many vices you would add one more." "Pray my lord, what is that?" "Hypocrisy, my dear doctor." Johnson had a younger brother named Nathaniel, who died at the age of twenty seven or twenty eight. Michael Johnson, the father, was chosen in the year 1718 under bailiff of Lichfield; and in the year 1725 he served the office of the senior bailiff. He had a brother of the name of Andrew, who, for some years, kept the ring at Smithfield, appropriated to wrestlers and boxers. Our author used to say, that he was never thrown or conquered. Michael, the father, died December, 1731, at the age of seventy six; his mother at eighty nine, of a gradual decay, in the year 1759. Of the family nothing more can be related worthy of notice. Johnson did not delight in talking of his relations. "There is little pleasure," he said to Mrs. Piozzi, "in relating the anecdotes of beggary."

Johnson derived from his parents, or from an unwholesome nurse, the distemper called the king's evil. The jacobites at that time believed in the efficacy of the

royal touch ; and accordingly Mrs. Johnson presented her son, when two years old, before Queen Anne, who, for the first time, performed that office, and communicated to her young patient all the healing virtue in her power. He was afterwards cut for that scrophulous humour, and the under part of his face was seamed and disfigured by the operation. It is supposed, that this disease deprived him of the sight of his left eye, and also impaired his hearing. At eight years old, he was placed under Mr. Hawkins, at the free school in Lichfield, where he was not remarkable for diligence or regular application. Whatever he read, his tenacious memory made his own. In the fields with his schoolfellows he talked more to himself than with his companions. In 1725, when he was about sixteen years old, he went on a visit to his cousin Cornelius Ford, who detained him for some months, and in the mean time assisted him in the classics. The general direction for his studies, which he then received, he related to Mrs. Piozzi. " Obtain," says Ford, " some general principles of every science ; he who can talk only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted, and perhaps, never wished for ; while the man of general knowledge can often benefit, and always please." The advice Johnson seems to have pursued with a good inclination. His reading was always desultory, seldom resting on any particular author, but rambling from one book to another, and, by hasty snatches, hoarding up a variety of knowledge. It may be proper in this place to mention another general rule laid down by Ford for Johnson's future conduct ; " You will make your way the more easily in the

world, as you are contented to dispute no man's claim to conversation excellence ; they will, therefore, more willingly allow your pretensions as a writer." "But," says Mrs. Piozzi, "the features of peculiarity, which mark a character to all succeeding generations, are slow in coming to their growth." That ingenious lady adds, with her usual vivacity, "Can one, on such an occasion, forbear recollecting the predictions of Boileau's father, who said, stroking the head of the young satirist, 'this little man has too much wit, but he will never speak ill of any one ?"

On Johnson's return from Cornelius Ford, Mr. Hunter, then master of the free school at Lichfield, refused to receive him again on that foundation. At this distance of time, what his reasons were, it is vain to inquire ; but to refuse assistance to a lad of promising genius must be pronounced harsh and illiberal. It did not, however, stop the progress of the young student's education. He was placed at another school, at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, under the care of Mr. Wentworth. Having gone through the rudiments of classic literature, he returned to his father's house, and was probably intended for the trade of a bookseller. He has been heard to say that he could bind a book. At the end of two years, being then about nineteen, he went to assist the studies of a young gentleman of the name of Corbett, to the university of Oxford ; and on the 31st. of October, 1728, both were entered of Pembroke College ; Corbett as a gentleman commoner, and Johnson as a commoner. The college tutor, Mr. Jordan, was a man of no genius ; and Johnson, it seems, shewed an early contempt of

mean abilities, in one or two instances behaving with insolence to that gentleman. Of his general conduct at the university, there are no particulars that merit attention, except the translation of Pope's Messiah, which was a college exercise imposed upon him as a task by Mr. Jordan. Corbett left the university in about two years, and Johnson's salary ceased. He was, by consequence, straitened in his circumstances; but he still remained at college. Mr. Jordan, the tutor, went off to a living; and was succeeded by Dr. Adams, who afterwards became head of the college, and was esteemed through life for his learning, his talents, and his amiable character. Johnson grew more regular in his attendance. Ethics, theology, and classic literature, were his favourite studies. He discovered, notwithstanding, early symptoms of that wandering disposition of mind which adhered to him to the end of his life. His reading was by fits and starts, undirected to any particular science. General philology, agreeably to his cousin Ford's advice, was the object of his ambition. He received, at that time, an early impression of piety, and a taste for the best authors, ancient and modern. It may, notwithstanding, be questioned whether, except his Bible, he ever read a book entirely through. Late in life, if any man praised a book in his presence, he was sure to ask, "Did you read it through?" If the answer was in the affirmative, he did not seem willing to believe it. He continued at the university till the want of pecuniary supplies obliged him to quit the place. He obtained, however, the assistance of a friend, and returning in a short time, was able to complete a residence of three

years. The history of his exploits at Oxford, he used to say, was best known to Dr. Taylor and Dr. Adams. Wonders are told of his memory, and, indeed, all who knew him late in life can witness that he retained that faculty in the greatest vigor.

From the university Johnson returned to Lichfield. His father died soon after, December, 1731 ; and the whole receipt out of his effects, as appeared by a memorandum in the son's hand writing, dated 15th. June, 1732, was no more than twenty pounds.* In this exigence, determined that poverty should never depress his spirits, nor warp his integrity, he became under master of a grammar school at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire. That resource, however, did not last long. Disgusted by the pride of Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron of that little seminary, he left the place in discontent, and ever spoke of it with abhorrence. In 1733 he went on a visit to Mr. Hector, who had been his schoolfellow, and was then a surgeon at Birmingham, lodging at the house of Warren, a bookseller. At that place Johnson translated a Voyage to Abyssinia, written by Jerome Lobo, a Portuguese missionary. This was the first literary work from the pen of Dr. Johnson. His friend Hector was occasionally his amanuensis. The work was, prob-

* The entry of this is remarkable for his early resolution to preserve through life a fair und upright character. "1732, Junii 15. Undecim aureos deposui, quo die, quidquid ante matris funus, quod serum sit precor, de paternis bonis sperare licet, viginti scilicet libras, accepi. Usque adeo mihi mea fortuna fingenda est interea, et ne paupertate vires animi languescant, ne in flagitia egestas adigat, cavendum."

ably, undertaken at the desire of Warren, the bookseller, and was printed at Birmingham ; but it appears in the Literary Magazine, or History of the Works of the Learned, for March, 1735, that it was published by Bettesworth and Hitch, Paternoster row. It contains a narrative of the endeavours of a company of missionaries to convert the people of Abyssinia to the church of Rome. In the preface to this work, Johnson observes, " that the Portuguese traveller, contrary to the general view of his countrymen, has amused his readers with no romantic absurdities, or incredible fictions. He appears, by his modest and unaffected narration, to have described things as he saw them; to have copied nature from the life ; and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He meets with no basilisks, that destroy with their eyes ; his crocodiles devour their prey, without tears ; and his cataracts fall from the rock, without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants. The reader will here find no regions cursed with irremediable barrenness, or blessed with spontaneous fecundity ; no perpetual gloom, or unceasing sunshine ; nor are the nations here described, either void of all sense of humanity, or consummate in all private and social virtues ; here are no Hottentots without religion, polity, or articulate language ; no Chinese perfectly polite, and completely skilled in all the sciences ; he will discover, what will always be discovered by a diligent and impartial inquirer, that wherever human nature is to be found, there is a mixture of vice and virtue, a contest of passion and reason ; and that the Creator doth not appear partial in his distributions, but has balanced, in most countries, their particular incon-

veniences by particular favours." We have here an early specimen of Johnson's manner ; the vein of thinking and the frame of the sentences are manifestly his ; we see the infant Hercules. The translation of Lobo's Narrative has been reprinted lately in a separate volume, with some other tracts of Dr. Johnson's, and therefore forms no part of this edition ; but a compendious account of so interesting a work as Father Lobo's discovery of the head of the Nile, will not, it is imagined, be unacceptable to the reader.

Father Lobo, the Portuguese missionary, embarked, in 1622, in the same fleet with the Count *Vidigueira*, who was appointed, by the king of Portugal, viceroy of the Indies. They arrived at Goa ; and, in January, 1624, Father Lobo set out on the mission to Abyssinia. Two of the Jesuits sent on the same commission, were murdered in their attempt to penetrate into that empire. Lobo had better success ; he surmounted all difficulties, and made his way into the heart of the country. Then follows a description of Abyssinia, formerly the largest empire of which we have an account in history. It extended from the Red Sea to the kingdom of Congo, and from Egypt to the Indian Sea, containing no less than forty provinces. At the time of Lobo's mission, it was not much larger than Spain, consisting then but of five kingdoms, of which part was entirely subject to the emperor, and part paid him a tribute, as an acknowledgment. The provinces were inhabited by Moors, Pagans, Jews, and Christians. The last was in Lobo's time the established and reigning religion. The diversity of people and religion is the reason why the

kingdom was under different forms of government, with laws and customs extremely various. Some of the people neither sowed their lands, nor improved them by any kind of culture, living upon milk and flesh, and, like the Arabs, encamping without any settled habitation. In some places they practised no rites of worship, though they believed that, in the regions above, there dwells a Being that governs the world. This Deity they call in their own language *Oul*. The christianity, professed by the people in some parts, is so corrupted with superstitions, errors, and heresies, and so mingled with ceremonies borrowed from the Jews, that little, besides the name of christianity, is to be found among them. The Abyssins cannot properly be said to have either cities or houses; they live in tents or cottages made of straw or clay, very rarely building with stone. Their villages or towns consist of these huts; yet even of such villages they have but few; because the grandees, the viceroys, and the emperor himself, are always in camp, that they may be prepared, upon the most sudden alarm, to meet every emergence in a country which is engaged every year either in foreign wars or intestine commotions. Ethiopia produces very near the same kinds of provision as Portugal, though, by the extreme laziness of the inhabitants, in a much less quantity. What the ancients imagined of the torrid zone being a part of the world uninhabitable, is so far from being true, that the climate is very temperate. The blacks have better features than in other countries, and are not without wit and ingenuity. Their apprehension is quick, and their judgment sound. There are in the climate

two harvests in the year; one in winter, which lasts through the months of July, August, and September; the other in the spring. They have, in the greatest plenty, raisins, peaches, pomegranates, sugar canes, and some figs. Most of these are ripe about Lent, which the Abyssins keep with great strictness. The animals of the country are the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the unicorn, horses, mules, oxen, and cows without number. They have a very particular custom, which obliges every man, that has a thousand cows, to save every year one day's milk of all his herd, and make a bath with it for his relations. This they do so many days in each year, as they have thousands of cattle; so that, to express how rich a man is, they tell you, *he bathes so many times.*

"Of the river Nile, which has furnished so much controversy, we have a full and clear description. It is called by the natives, ABAVI, the father of water. It rises in SCALA, a province of the kingdom of GOIAMA, the most fertile and agreeable part of the Abyssinian dominions. On the eastern side of the country, on the declivity of a mountain, whose descent is so easy, that it seems a beautiful plain, is that source of the Nile, which has been sought after at so much expense and labour. This spring, or rather these two springs, are two holes, each about two feet diameter, a stone's cast distant from each other. One of them is about five feet and a half in depth. Lobo was not able to sink his plummet lower, perhaps, because it was stopped by roots, the whole place being full of trees. A line of ten feet did not reach the bottom of the other. These springs are supposed by

the Abyssins to be the vents of a great subterraneous lake. At a small distance to the south, is a village called *Guix*, through which you ascend to the top of the mountain, where there is a little hill, which the idolatrous *Agaci* hold in great veneration. Their priest calls them together to this place once a year; and every one sacrifices a cow, or more, according to the different degrees of wealth and devotion. Hence we have sufficient proof, that these nations always paid adoration to the Deity of this famous river.

"As to the course of the Nile, its waters, after their first rise, run towards the east, about the length of a musket shot; then, turning northward, continue hidden in the grass and weeds for about a quarter of a league, when they reappear amongst a quantity of rocks. The Nile from its source proceeds with so inconsiderable a current, that it is in danger of being dried up by the hot season; but soon receiving an increase from the GEMMA, the KELTU, the BRANSA, and the other smaller rivers, it expands to such a breadth in the plains of BOAD, which is not above three days journey from its source, that a musket ball will scarcely fly from one bank to the other. Here it begins to run northward, widing, however, a little to the east, for the space of nine or ten leagues, and then enters the so much talked of lake of DAMBIA, flowing with such violent rapidity, that its waters may be distinguished through the whole passage, which is no less than six leagues. Here begins the greatness of the Nile. Fifteen miles further, in the land of ALATA, it rushes precipitately from the top of a high rock, and forms one of the most beautiful water falls

in the world. Lobo says, he passed under it without being wet, and resting himself, for the sake of the coolness, was charmed with a thousand delightful rainbows, which the sunbeams painted on the water, in all their shining and lively colours.* The fall of this mighty stream, from so great a height, makes a noise that may be heard at a considerable distance ; but it was not found, that the neighbouring inhabitants were deaf. After the cataract, the Nile collects its scattered stream among the rocks, which are so near each other, that, in Lobo's time, a bridge of beams, on which the whole imperial army passed, was laid over them. Sultan SEQUED has since built a stone bridge of one arch, in the same place, for which purpose he procured masons from India. Here the river alters its course, and passes through various kingdoms, such as AMHARA, OLACA, CHOAA, DAMOT, and the kingdom of GOIAMA, and, after various windings, returns within a short day's journey of its spring. To pursue it through all its mazes, and accompany it round the kingdom of GOIAMA, is a journey of twenty nine days. From Abyssinia, the river passes into the countries of FAZULO and OMBARCA, two vast regions little known, inhabited

* This Mr. Bruce, the late traveller, avers to be a downright falsehood. He says, a deep pool of water reaches to the very foot of the rock ; and, allowing that there was a seat or bench, which there is not, in the middle of the pool, it is absolutely impossible, by any exertion of human strength, to have arrived at it. But it may be asked, can Mr. Bruce say, what was the face of the country in the year 1622, when Lobo saw the magnificent sight which he has described ? Mr. Bruce's pool of water may have been formed since ; and Lobo, perhaps, was content to sit down without a bench.

by nations entirely different from the Abyssins. Their hair, like that of the other blacks in those regions, is short and curled. In the year 1615, RASSELA CHRISTOS, lieutenant general to Sultan SEQUED, entered those kingdoms in a hostile manner; but, not being able to get intelligence, returned without attempting any thing. As the empire of Abyssinia terminates at these descents, Lobo followed the course of the Nile no farther, leaving it to rage over barbarous kingdoms, and convey wealth and plenty into Egypt, which owes to the annual inundations of this river its envied fertility.* Lobo knows nothing of the Nile in the rest of its passage, except that it receives great increase from many other rivers, has several cataracts like that already described, and that few fish are to be found in it; that scarcity is to be attributed to the *river horse* and the *crocodile*, which destroy the weaker inhabitants of the river. Something likewise must be imputed to the *cataracts*, where fish cannot fall without being killed. Lobo adds, that neither he, nor any with whom he conversed about the *crocodile*, ever saw him weep; and therefore all that hath been said about his tears, must be ranked among the fables invented for the amusement of children.

"As to the causes of the inundations of the Nile, Lobo observes, that many an idle hypothesis has been framed. Some theorists ascribe it to the high winds, that stop the current, and force the water above its banks. Others

* After comparing this description with that lately given by Mr. Bruce, the reader will judge whether Lobo is to lose the honour of having been at the head of the Nile near two centuries before any other European traveller.

pretend a subterraneous communication between the ocean and the Nile, and that the sea, when violently agitated, swells the river. Many are of opinion, that this mighty flood proceeds from the melting of the snow on the mountains of Ethiopia ; but so much snow and such prodigious heat are never met with in the same region. Lobo never saw snow in Abyssinia, except on mount SEMEN in the kingdom of TIGRE, very remote from the Nile ; and on NAMARA, which is, indeed, not far distant, but where there never falls snow enough to wet, when dissolved, the foot of the mountain. To the immense labours of the *Portuguese*, mankind are indebted for the knowledge of the real cause of these inundations, so great and so regular. By them we are informed, that Abyssinia, where the Nile rises, is full of mountains, and, in its natural situation, is much higher than Egypt ; that in the winter, from June to September, no day is without rain ; that the Nile receives in its course, all the rivers, brooks, and torrents, that fall from those mountains, and, by necessary consequence, swelling above its banks, fills the plains of Egypt with inundations, which come regularly about the month of July, or three weeks after the beginning of the rainy season in Ethiopia. The different degrees of this flood are such certain indications of the fruitfulness or sterility of the ensuing year, that it is publicly proclaimed at *Cairo* how much the water hath gained during the night."

Such is the account of the Nile and its inundations, which it is hoped, will not be deemed an improper or tedious digression, especially as the whole is an extract from Johnson's translation. He is all the time the actor

in the scene, and in his own words relates the story. Having finished this work, he returned in February, 1734, to his native city, and, in the month of August following, published proposals for printing by subscription the Latin Poems of Politian, with the History of Latin Poetry, from the era of Petrarch to the time of Politian; and also the Life of Politian, to be added by the editor, Samuel Johnson. The book to be printed in thirty octavo sheets, price five shillings. It is to be regretted that this project failed for want of encouragement. Johnson, it seems, differed from Boileau, Voltaire, and D'Lembert, who have taken upon them to proscribe all modern efforts to write with elegance in a dead language. For a decision pronounced in so high a tone, no good reason can be assigned. The interests of learning require, that the diction of Greece and Rome should be cultivated with care; and he who can write a language with correctness, will be most likely to understand its idiom, its grammar, and its peculiar graces of style. What man of taste would willingly forego the pleasure of reading *Vida*, *Fracastorius*, *Sannazaro*, *Strada*, and others, down to the late elegant productions of Bishop Lowth? The history which Johnson proposed to himself would, beyond all question, have been a valuable addition to the history of letters; but his project failed. His next expedient was to offer his assistance to Cave, the original projecter of the Gentleman's Magazine. For this purpose he sent his proposals in a letter, offering, on reasonable terms, occasionally to fill some pages with poems and inscriptions never printed before; with fugitive pieces that deserved to be revived;

and critical remarks on authors ancient and modern. Cave agreed to retain him as a correspondent and contributor to the Magazine. What the conditions were cannot now be known ; but, certainly, they were not sufficient to hinder Johnson from casting his eyes about him in quest of other employment. Accordingly, in 1735, he made overtures to the reverend Mr. Budworth, master of a grammar school at Brerewood, in Staffordshire, to become his assistant. This proposition did not succeed. Mr. Budworth apprehended that the involuntary motions, to which Johnson's nerves were subject, might make him an object of ridicule with his scholars, and, by consequence, lessen their respect for their master. Another mode of advancing himself presented itself about this time. Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer in Birmingham, admired his talents. It is said that she had about eight hundred pounds ; and that sum to a person in Johnson's circumstances was an affluent fortune. A marriage took place, and to turn his wife's money to the best advantage, he projected the scheme of an academy for education. Gilbert Walmsley, at that time registrer of the ecclesiastical court of the bishop of Lichfield, was distinguished by his erudition and the politeness of his manners. He was the friend of Johnson, and by his weight and influence, endeavoured to promote his interest. The celebrated Garrick, whose father, captain Garrick, lived at Lichfield, was placed in the new seminary of education, by that gentleman's advice. Garrick was then about eighteen years old. An accession of seven or eight pupils was the most that could be obtained, though notice was given by a public advertise-

ment,* that at Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by Samuel Johnson.

The undertaking proved abortive. Johnson having now abandoned all hopes of promoting his fortune in the country, determined to become an adventurer in the world at large. His young pupil, Garrick, had formed the same resolution; and, accordingly, in March, 1737, they arrived in London together. Two such candidates for fame, perhaps, never, before that day, entered the metropolis together. Their stock of money was soon exhausted. In his visionary project of an academy Johnson had probably wasted his wife's substance; and Garrick's father had little more than his half pay. The two fellow travellers had the world before them, and each was to choose his road to fortune and to fame. They brought with them genius, and powers of mind, peculiarly formed by nature for the different vocations to which each of them felt himself inclined. They acted from the impulse of young minds, even then meditating great things, and with courage anticipating success. Their friend Mr. Walmsley, by a letter to the Rev. Mr. Colson, who, it seems, was a great mathematician, exerted his good offices in their favour. He gave notice of their intended journey. "Davy Garrick," he said, "will be with you next week; and Johnson, to try his fate with a tragedy, and to get himself employed in some translation either from the Latin or French. Johnson is a very good scholar and a poet, and, I have great hopes, will

* See the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1736, p. 418.

turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should be in your way, I doubt not but you will be ready to recommend and assist your countrymen." Of Mr. Walmsley's merit, and the excellence of his character, Johnson has left a beautiful testamonial at the end of the Life of Edward Smith. It is reasonable to conclude, that a mathematician, absorbed in abstract speculations, was not able to find a sphere of action for two men who were to be the architects of their own fortune. In three or four years afterwards Garrick came forth with talants that astonished the public. He began his career at Goodman's fields, and there, *monstratus fatis Vespasianus!* he chose a lucrative profession, and consequently soon emerged from all his difficulties. Johnson was left to toil in the humble walks of literature. A tragedy, as appears by Walmsley's letter, was the whole of his stock. This, most probably, was IRENE; but, if then finished, it was doomed to wait for a more happy period. It was offered to Fleetwood, and rejected. Johnson looked round him for employment. Having, while he remained in the country, corresponded with Cave under a feigned name, he now thought it time to make himself known to a man whom he considered as a patron of literature. Cave had announced, by public advertisement, a prize of fifty pounds for the best poem on Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; and this circumstance diffused an idea of his liberality. Johnson became connected with him in business, and in a close and intimate acquaintance. Of Cave's character it is unnecessary to say any thing in this place, as Johnson was afterwards the biographer of his first and most useful patron. To be engaged in the translation of some

important book was still the object which Johnson had in view. For this purpose he proposed to give the history of the Council of Trent, with copious notes, then lately added to a French edition. Twelve sheets of this work were printed, for which Johnson received forty nine pounds, as appears by his receipt in the possession of Mr. Nichols, the compiler of that entertaining and useful work, the Gentleman's Magazine. Johnson's translation was never completed; a like design was offered to the public, under the patronage of Dr. Zachary Pearce; and by that contention both attempts were frustrated. Johnson had been commended by Pope for the translation of the Messiah into Latin verse; but he knew no approach to so eminent a man. With one, however, who was connected with Pope, he became acquainted at St. John's Gate; and that person was no other than the well known Richard Savage, whose life was afterwards written by Johnson, with great elegance, and a depth of moral reflection. Savage was a man of considerable talents. His address, his various accomplishments, and above all, the peculiarity of his misfortunes, recommended him to Johnson's notice. They became united in the closest intimacy. Both had great parts, and they were equally under the pressure of want. Sympathy joined them in a league of friendship. Johnson has been often heard to relate, that he and Savage walked round Grosvenor square till four in the morning; in the course of their conversation reforming the world, dethroning princes, establishing new forms of government, and giving laws to the several states of Europe; till fatigued at length with their legislative office, they began to feel the

want of refreshment, but could not muster up more than four pence halfpenny. Savage, it is true had many vices ; but vice could never strike its roots in a mind like Johnson's, seasoned early with religion, and the principles of moral rectitude. His first prayer was composed in the year 1738. He had not at that time renounced the use of wine ; and, no doubt, occasionally enjoyed his friend and his bottle. The love of late hours, which followed him through life, was, perhaps, originally contracted in company with Savage. However that may be, their connection was not of long duration. In the year 1738, Savage was reduced to the last distress. Mr. Pope, in a letter to him, expressed his concern for " the miserable withdrawing of his pension after the death of the Queen ;" and gave him hopes that, " in a short time, he should find himself supplied with a competence, without any dependence on those little creatures, whom we are pleased to call the Great." The scheme proposed to him was, that he should retire to Swansea in Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raised by subscription ; Pope was to pay twenty pounds. This plan, though finally established, took more than a year before it was carried into execution. In the mean time, the intended retreat of Savage called to Johnson's mind the third Satire of Juvenal, in which that poet takes leave of a friend, who was withdrawing himself from all the vices of Rome. Struck with this idea, he wrote that well known Poem, called London. The first lines manifestly point to Savage.

" Though grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewell ;

Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend;
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend;
Resolv'd at length, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air;
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more."

Johnson at that time lodged at Greenwich. He there fixes the scene, and takes leave of his friend; who, he says in his life, parted from him with tears in his eyes. The poem, when finished, was offered to Cave. It happened, however, that the late Mr. Dodsley was the purchaser, at the price of ten guineas. It was published in 1738; and Pope, we are told, said, "The author, whoever he is, will not be long concealed;" alluding to the passage in Terence, *Ubi, ubi est, diu celari non potest.* Notwithstanding that prediction, it does not appear that, besides the copy money, any advantage accrued to the author of a poem, written with the elegance and energy of Pope. Johnson, in August 1738, went, with all the fame of his poetry, to offer himself a candidate for the mastership of the school at Appleby, in Leicestershire. The statutes of the place required, that the person chosen should be a master of arts. To remove this objection, the late lord Gower was induced to write to a friend, in order to obtain for Johnson a master's degree in the University of Dublin, by the recommendation of Dr. Swift. The letter was printed in one of the Magazines, and was as follows;

"Sir,

"Mr. Samuel Johnson, author of London, a Satire, and some other poetical pieces, is a native of this county,

and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity school, now vacant; the certain salary of which is sixty pounds *per* year, of which they are desirous to make him master; but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being a master of arts, which, by the statutes of the school, the master of it must be.

"Now, these gentlemen do me the honour to think, that I have interest enough in you, to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift, to persuade the university of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man master of arts in their university. They highly extol the man's learning and probity, and will not be persuaded, that the university will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the dean. They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey; and yet he will venture it, if the dean thinks it necessary, choosing rather to die upon the road, than to be starved to death in translating for booksellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past.

"I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than these good natured gentlemen apprehend, especially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 11th. of next month. If you see this matter in the same light that it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing; but, if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favour asked, I am sure your humanity and propensity to relieve merit in distress will incline you to

serve the poor man without my adding any more to the trouble I have already given you, than assuring you, that I am, with great truth, sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"GOWER."

"Trentham, Aug. 1st."

This scheme miscarried. There is reason to think, that Swift declined to meddle in the business; and to that circumstance Johnson's known dislike of Swift has been often imputed.

It is mortifying to pursue a man of merit through all his difficulties; and yet this narrative must be, through many following years, the history of genius and virtue struggling with adversity. Having lost the school at Appleby, Johnson was thrown back on the metropolis. Bred to no profession, without relations, friends, or interest, he was condemned to drudgery in the service of Cave, his only patron. In November, 1738, was published a translation of Crousaz's Examen of Pope's Essay on Man; "containing a succinct view of the system of the fatalists, and a confutation of their opinions; with an illustration of the doctrine of free will; and an inquiry, what view Mr. Pope might have in touching upon the Leibnitzian philosophy, and fatalism. By Mr. Crousaz, professor of philosophy and mathematics at Lausanne." This translation has been generally thought a production of Johnson's pen; but it is now known that Mrs. Elizabeth Carter has acknowledged it to be one of her early performances. It is certain, however, that Johnson was eager to promote the publication. He considered the foreign philosopher as a man zealous in the cause of

religion ; and with him he was willing to join against the system of the fatalists, and the doctrine of Leibnitz. It is well known that Warburton wrote a vindication of Mr. Pope ; but there is reason to think, that Johnson conceived an early prejudice against the Essay on Man ; and what once took root in a mind like his, was not easily eradicated. His letter to Cave on this subject is still extant, and may well justify Sir John Hawkins, who inferred that Johnson was the translator of Crousaz. The conclusion of the letter is remarkable. "I am yours, IMPRANSUS." If by that Latin word was meant that he had not dined, because he wanted the means, who can read it, even at this hour, without an aching heart ?

With a mind naturally vigorous, and quickened by necessity, Johnson formed a multiplicity of projects ; but most of them proved abortive. A number of small tracts issued from his pen with wonderful rapidity ; such as "MARMOR NORFOLCIENSE ; or an Essay on an ancient prophetical inscription, in monkish rhyme, discovered at Lynn in Norfolk. By *Probus Britannicus*." This was a pamphlet against Sir Robert Walpole. According to Sir John Hawkins, a warrant was issued to apprehend the author, who retired with his wife to an obscure lodging near Lambeth Marsh, and there eluded the search of the messengers. But this story has no foundation in truth. Johnson was never known to mention such an incident in his life ; and Mr. Steele, late of the treasury, caused diligent search to be made at the proper offices, and no trace of such a proceeding could be found. In the same year, 1739, the lord Chamberlain prohibited the

representation of a tragedy, called GUSTAVUS VASA, by Henry Brooke. Under the mask of irony Johnson published, "A Vindication of the Licenser from the malicious and scandalous aspersions of Mr. Brooke." Of these two pieces Sir John Hawkins says, "they have neither learning nor wit; nor a single ray of that genius which has since blazed forth;" but, as they have been lately reprinted, the reader, who wishes to gratify his curiosity, is referred to the fourteenth volume of Johnson's works, published by Stockdale. The lives of Boerhaave, Blake, Barratier, Father Paul, and others, were about that time, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine. The subscription of fifty pounds a year for Savage was completed; and in July, 1739, Johnson parted with the companion of his midnight hours, never to see him more. The separation was, perhaps, an advantage to him, who wanted to make a right use of his time, and even then beheld with self reproach the waste occasioned by dissipation. His abstinence from wine and strong liquors began soon after the departure of Savage. What habits he contracted in the course of that acquaintance cannot now be known. The ambition of excelling in conversation, and that pride of victory, which, at times, disgraced a man of Johnson's genius, were, perhaps, native blemishes. A fierce spirit of independence, even in the midst of poverty, may be seen in Savage; and, if not thence transfused by Johnson into his own manners, it may, at least, be supposed to have gained strength from the example before him. During that connection there was, if we believe Sir John Hawkins, a short separation between our author and his wife; but a reconci-

iation soon took place. Johnson loved her, and shewed his affection in various modes of gallantry, which Garrick used to render ridiculous by his mimicry. The affectation of soft and fashionable airs did not become an unwieldy figure; his admiration was received by the wife with the flutter of an antiquated coquette; and both, it is well known, furnished matter for the lively genius of Garrick.

It is a mortifying reflection, that Johnson, with a store of learning and extraordinary talents, was not able, at the age of thirty, to force his way to the favour of the public. *Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.* "He was still," as he says himself, "to provide for the day that was passing over him." He saw Cave involved in a state of warfare with the numerous competitors, at that time struggling with the Gentleman's Magazine; and gratitude for such supplies as Johnson received dictated a Latin ode on the subject of that contention. The first lines,

> "Urbane, nullis fesso laboribus,
> Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,"

put one in mind of Casimir's ode to Pope Urban;

> "Urbane, regnum maxime, maxime
> Urbane vatum."....

The Polish poet was, probably, at that time in the hands of a man who had meditated the history of the Latin poets. Guthrie the historian had from July, 1736, composed the parliamentary speeches for the Magazine; but, from the beginning of the session which opened on the 19th. of Nov. 1740, Johnson succeeded to that department, and continued it from that time to the debate on spir-

ituous liquors, which happened in the house of lords, in February, 1742-3. The eloquence, the force of argument, and the splendour of language, displayed in the several speeches, are well known, and universally admired. The whole has been collected in two volumes by Mr. Stockdale, and may form a proper supplement to this edition. That Johnson was the author of the debates during that period was not generally known ; but the secret transpired several years afterwards, and was avowed by himself on the following occasion. Mr. Wedderburne, now Lord Loughborough,* Dr. Johnson, Dr. Francis, the translator of Horace, the present writer, and others, dined with the late Mr. Foote. An important debate towards the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration being mentioned, Dr. Francis observed, "That Mr. Pitt's speech, on that occasion, was the best he had ever read." He added, "That he had employed eight years of his life in the study of Demosthenes, and finished a translation of that celebrated orator, with all the decorations of style and language within the reach of his capacity, but he had met with nothing equal to the speech above mentioned." Many of the company remembered the debate ; and some passages were cited, with the approbation and applause of all present. During the ardour of conversation Johnson remained silent. As soon as the warmth of praise subsided, he opened with these words ; "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street." The company was struck with astonishment. After staring at each other in silent amaze, Dr. Francis asked,

* Afterwards Earl of Roslin. He died Jan. 3, 1805.

"How that speech could be written by him?" "Sir," said Johnson, "I wrote it in Exeter Street. I never had been in the gallery of the house of commons but once. Cave had interest with the doorkeepers. He, and the persons employed under him, gained admittance; they brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the arguments advanced in the course of the debate. The whole was afterwards communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form which they now have in the Parliamentary Debates." To this discovery Dr. Francis made answer; "Then, sir, you have exceeded Demosthenes himself; for to say, that you have exceeded Francis's Demosthenes, would be saying nothing." The rest of the company bestowed lavish encomiums on Johnson; one, in particular, praised his impartiality; observing, that he dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties. "That is not quite true," said Johnson; "I saved appearances tolerably well; but I took care that the WHIG DOGS should not have the best of it." The sale of the Magazine was greatly increased by the Parliamentary Debates, which were continued by Johnson till the month of March, 1742-3. From that time the Magazine was conducted by Dr. Hawkesworth.

In 1743-4, Osborne, the bookseller, who kept a shop in Gray's Inn, purchased the Earl of Oxford's library, at the price of thirteen thousand pounds. He projected a catalogue in five octavo volumes, at five shillings each. Johnson was employed in that painful drudgery. He was likewise to collect all such small tracts as were in

any degree worth preserving, in order to reprint and publish the whole in a collection, called "The Harleian Miscellany." The catalogue was completed; and the Miscellany, in 1749, was published in eight quarto volumes. In this business Johnson was a day labourer for immediate subsistence, not unlike Gustavus Vasa, working in the mines of Dalicarlia. What Wilcox, a bookseller of eminence in the Strand, said to Johnson, on his first arrival in town, was now almost confirmed. He lent our author five guineas, and then asked him, "How do you mean to earn your livelihood in this town?" "By my literary labours," was the answer. Wilcox, staring at him, shook his head; "By your literary labours! You had better buy a porter's knot." Johnson used to tell this anecdote to Mr. Nichols; but he said, "Wilcox was one of my best friends, and he meant well." In fact, Johnson, while employed in Gray's Inn, may be said to have carried a porter's knot. He paused occasionally to peruse the book that came to his hand. Osborne thought that such curiosity tended to nothing but delay, and objected to it with all the pride and insolence of a man, who knew that he paid daily wages. In the dispute that of course ensued, Osborne, with that roughness which was natural to him, enforced his argument by giving the lie. Johnson seized a folio, and knocked the bookseller down. This story has been related as an instance of Johnson's ferocity; but merit cannot always take the spurns of the unworthy with a patient spirit.*

* Mr. Boswell says, "The simple truth I had from Johnson himself. 'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop; it was in my own chamber."

That the history of an author must be found in his works is, in general, a true observation; and was never more apparent than in the present narrative. Every era of Johnson's life is fixed by his writings. In 1744, he published the life of Savage; and then projected a new edition of Shakspeare. As a prelude to this design, he published in 1745, *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmers edition; to which were prefixed, Proposals for a new Edition of Shakspeare, with a specimen.* Of this pamphlet Warburton, in the preface to Shakspeare, has given his opinion; "As to all those things, which have been published under the title of Essays, Remarks, Observations, &c. on Shakspeare, if you except some critical notes on *Macbeth*, given as a specimen of a projected edition, and written, as appears, by a man of parts and genius, the rest are absolutely below a serious notice." But the attention of the public was not excited; there was no friend to promote a subscription; and the project died to revive at a future day. A new undertaking, however, was soon after proposed; namely, an English Dictionary upon an enlarged plan. Several of the most opulent booksellers had meditated a work of this kind; and the agreement was soon adjusted between the parties. Emboldened by this connection, Johnson thought of a better habitation than he had hitherto known. He had lodged with his wife in courts and alleys about the Strand; but now, for the purpose of carrying on his arduous undertaking, and to be nearer his printer and friend Mr. Strahan, he ventured to take a house in Gough Square, Fleet Street. He was told that the Earl

of Chesterfield was a friend to his undertaking; and in consequence of that intelligence, he published, in 1747, *The Plan of a Dictionary of the English Language, addressed to the Right Honourable Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.* Mr. Whitehead, afterwards Poet Laureat, undertook to convey the manuscript to his lordship; the consequence was an invitation from Lord Chesterfield to the author. A stronger contrast of characters could not be brought together; the nobleman celebrated for his wit, and all the graces of polite behaviour; the author, conscious of his own merit, towering in idea above all competition, versed in scholastic logic, but a stranger to the arts of polite conversation, uncouth, vehement, and vociferous. The coalition was too unnatural. Johnson expected a Mecenas, and was disappointed. No patronage, no assistance followed. Visits were repeated; but the reception was not cordial. Johnson one day was left a full hour, waiting in an anti chamber, till a gentleman should retire, and leave his lordship at leisure. This was the famous Colley Cibber. Johnson saw him go, and fired with indignation, rushed out of the house.* What Lord Chesterfield thought of his visitor may be seen in a passage in one of that nobleman's letters to his son.† "There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His

* Dr. Johnson denies the whole of this story. See Boswell's Life, vol. i. p. 128. Oct. Edit. 1804. C.

† Letter CCXII.

figure, without being deformed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink; and mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes, and misplaces every thing. He disputes with heat indiscriminately, mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes. Absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity and respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, is absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him is, to consider him a respectable Hottentot." Such was the idea entertained by Lord Chesterfield. After the incident of Colley Cibber, Johnson never repeated his visits. In his high and decisive tone, he has been often heard to say, "Lord Chesterfield is a wit among the lords, and a lord among the wits."

In the course of the year 1747, Garrick, in conjunction with Lacy, became patentee of Drury Lane playhouse. For the opening of the theatre, at the usual time, Johnson wrote for his friend the well known prologue, which, to say no more of it, may at least be placed on a level with Pope's, to the tragedy of Cato. The playhouse being now under Garrick's direction, Johnson thought the opportunity fair to think of his tragedy of Irene, which was his whole stock on his first arrival in

town, in the year 1737. That play was accordingly put into rehearsal in January, 1749. As a precursor to prepare the way, and to awaken the public attention, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, a Poem in Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, by the author of *London*, was published in the same month. In the Gentleman's Magazine, for February, 1749, we find that the tragedy of *Irene* was acted at Drury Lane, on Monday, February the 6th. and from that time, without interruption, to Monday, February the 20th. being in all thirteen nights. Since that time it has not been exhibited on any stage. *Irene* may be added to some other plays in our language, which have lost their place in the theatre, but continue to please in the closet. During the representation of this piece, Johnson attended every night behind the scenes. Conceiving that his character as an author required some ornament for his person, he chose, upon that occasion, to decorate himself with a handsome waistcoat, and a gold laced hat. The late Mr. Topham Beauclerc, who had a great deal of that humour which pleases the more for seeming undesigned, used to give a pleasant description of this green room finery, as related by the author himself; "But," said Johnson, with great gravity, "I soon laid aside my gold laced hat, lest it should make me proud." The amount of the three benefit nights for the tragedy of *Irene*, it is to be feared, was not very considerable, as the profit, that stimulating motive, never invited the author to another dramatic attempt. Some years afterwards, when the present writer was intimate with Garrick, and knew Johnson to be in distress, he asked the manager why he did not produce

another tragedy for his Lichfield friend? Garrick's answer was remarkable; "When Johnson writes *tragedy, declamation roars, and passion sleeps;* when Shakspeare wrote, he dipped his pen in his own heart."

There may, perhaps, be a degree of sameness in this regular way of tracing an author from one work to another, and the reader may feel the effect of a tedious monotony; but in the life of Johnson there are no other landmarks. He was now forty years old, and had mixed but little with the world. He followed no profession, transacted no business, and was a stranger to what is called a town life. We are now arrived at the brightest period he had hitherto known. His name broke out upon mankind with a degree of lustre that promised a triumph over all his difficulties. The Life of Savage was admired as a beautiful and instructive piece of biography. The two Imitations of Juvenal were thought to rival even the excellence of Pope; and the tragedy of *Irene*, though uninteresting on the stage, was universally admired in the closet, for the propriety of the sentiments, the richness of the language, and the general harmony of the whole composition. His fame was widely diffused; and he had made his agreement with the booksellers for his English Dictionary at the sum of fifteen hundred guineas; part of which was to be, from time to time, advanced in proportion to the progress of the work. This was a certain fund for his support, without being obliged to write fugitive pieces for the petty supplies of the day. Accordingly we find that, in 1749, he established a club, consisting of ten in number, at Horseman's, in Ivy Lane, on every Tuesday eve-

ning. This is the first scene of social life to which Johnson can be traced out of his own house. The members of this little society were, Samuel Johnson ; Dr. Salter, father of the late master of the Charter House ; Dr. Hawkesworth ; Mr. Ryland, a merchant ; Mr. Payne, a bookseller, in Paternoster row ; Mr. Samuel Dyer, a learned young man ; Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scotch physician ; Dr. Edmund Barker, a young physician ; Dr. Bathurst, another young physician ; and Sir John Hawkins. This list is given by Sir John, as it should seem, with no other view than to draw a spiteful and malevolent character of almost every one of them. Mr. Dyer, whom Sir John says he loved with the affection of a brother, meets with the harshest treatment, because it was his maxim, that *to live in peace with mankind, and in a temper to do good offices, was the most essential part of our duty.* That notion of moral goodness gave umbrage to Sir John Hawkins, and drew down upon the memory of his friend the bitterest imputations. Mr. Dyer, however, was admired and loved through life. He was a man of literature. Johnson loved to enter with him into a discussion of metaphysical, moral, and critical subjects ; in those conflicts, exercising his talents, and, according to his custom, always contending for victory. Dr. Bathurst was the person on whom Johnson fixed his affection. He hardly ever spoke of him without tears in his eyes. It was from him, who was a native of Jamaica, that Johnson received into his service, Frank,* the black servant, whom, on account of his master, he valued to the end of

* See Gent. Mag. vol. lxxi. p. 190.

his life. At the time of instituting the club in Ivy Lane, Johnson had projected the *Rambler*. The title was most probably suggested by the *Wanderer*; a poem which he mentions, with the warmest praise, in the Life of Savage. With the same spirit of independence with which he wished to live, it was now his pride to write. He communicated his plan to none of his friends; he desired no assistance, relying entirely on his own fund, and the protection of the Divine Being, which he implored in a solemn form of prayer, composed by himself for the occasion. Having formed a resolution to undertake a work that might be of use and honour to his country, he

sure, which no man shall diminish or augment. I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth." The whole number of Essays amounted to two hundred and eight. Addison's, in the Spectator, are more in number, but not half in point of quantity; Addison was not bound to publish on stated days; he could watch the ebb and flow of his genius, and send his paper to the press when his own taste was satisfied. Johnson's case was very different. He wrote singly and alone. In the whole progress of the work he did not receive more

In the beginning of 1750, soon after the *Rambler* was set on foot, Johnson was induced by the arts of a vile impostor to lend his assistance, during a temporary delusion, to a fraud not to be paralleled in the annals of literature.* One LAUDER, a native of Scotland, who had been a teacher in the University of EDINBURGH, had conceived a mortal antipathy to the name and character of Milton. His reason was, because the prayer of Pamela, in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, was, as he supposed, maliciously inserted by the great poet in an edition of the Eikon Basilike, in order to fix an imputation of impiety on the memory of the murdered king. Fired with resentment, and willing to reap the profits of a gross imposition, this man collected from several Latin poets, such as Masenius the Jesuit, Staphorstius a Dutch divine, Beza, and others, all such passages as bore any kind of resemblance to different places in the Paradise Lost; and these he published from time to time, in the Gentleman's Magazine, with occasional interpolations of lines, which he himself translated from Milton. The public credulity swallowed all with eagerness; and Milton was supposed to be guilty of plagiarism from inferior modern writers. The fraud succeeded so well, that Lauder collected the whole into a volume, and advertised it under the title of "*An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns, in his Paradise Lost; dedicated to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.*" While the book was in the press, the proof sheets were shewn to Johnson at the Ivy

* It has since been paralleled, in the case of the Shakspeare MSS. by a yet more vile impostor. *C.*

Lane club, by Payne, the bookseller, who was one of the members. No man in that society was in possession of the authors from whom Lauder professed to make his extracts. The charge was believed, and the contriver of it found his way to Johnson, who is represented by Sir John Hawkins, not indeed as an accomplice in the fraud, but through motives of malignity to Milton, delighting in the detection, and exulting that the poet's reputation would suffer by the discovery. More malice to a deceased friend cannot well be imagined. Hawkins adds, "*that he wished well to the argument must be inferred from the preface, which indubitably was written by him.*" The preface, it is well known, was written by Johnson, and for that reason is inserted in this edition. But if Johnson approved of the argument, it was no longer than while he believed it founded in truth. Let us advert to his own words in that very preface. "Among the inquiries to which the ardour of criticism has naturally given occasion, none is more obscure in itself, or more worthy of rational curiosity, than a retrospection of the progress of this mighty genius in the construction of his work; a view of the fabric gradually rising, perhaps from small beginnings, till its foundation rests in the centre, and its turrets sparkle in the skies; to trace back the structure, through all its varieties, to the simplicity of the first plan; to find what was projected, whence the scheme was taken, how it was improved, by what assistance it was executed, and from what stores the materials were collected; whether its founder dug them from the quarries of nature, or demolished other buildings to embellish his own." These were the motives

that induced Johnson to assist Lauder with a preface; and are not these the motives of a critic and a scholar? What reader of taste, what man of real knowledge, would not think his time well employed in an inquiry so curious, so interesting, and instructive? If Lauder's facts were really true, who would not be glad, without the smallest tincture of malevolence, to receive real information? It is painful to be thus obliged to vindicate a man who, in his heart, towered above the petty arts of fraud and imposition, against an injudicious biographer, who undertook to be his editor, and the protector of his memory. Another writer, Dr. Towers, in an Essay on the Life and Character of Dr. Johnson, seems to countenance this calumny. He says, *It can hardly be doubted, but that Johnson's aversion to Milton's politics was the cause of that alacrity with which he joined with Lauder in his infamous attack on our great epic poet, and which induced him to assist in that transaction.* These words would seem to describe an accomplice, were they not immediately followed by an express declaration that Johnson was *unacquainted with the imposture.* Dr. Towers adds, *It seems to have been by way of making some compensation to the memory of Milton, for the share he had in the attack of Lauder, that Johnson wrote the Prologue, spoken by Garrick, at Drury Lane theatre, 1750, on the performance of the Masque of Comus, for the benefit of Milton's grand daughter.* Dr. Towers is not free from prejudice; but, as Shakspeare has it, "he begets a temperance to give it smoothness." He is, therefore entitled to a dispassionate answer. When Johnson wrote the prologue, it does not appear that he was aware of the

malignant artifices practised by Lauder. In the postscript to Johnson's preface, a subscription is proposed, for relieving the grand daughter of the author of Paradise Lost. Dr. Towers will agree that this shews Johnson's alacrity in doing good. That alacrity shewed itself again in the letter printed in the European Magazine, January, 1785, and there said to have appeared originally in the General Advertiser, 4th. April, 1750, by which the public were invited to embrace the opportunity of paying a just regard to the illustrious dead, united with the pleasure of doing good to the living. The letter adds, "To assist industrious indigence, struggling with distress, and debilitated by age, is a display of virtue, and an acquisition of happiness and honour. Whoever, therefore, would be thought capable of pleasure in reading the works of our incomparable Milton, and not so destitute of gratitude as to refuse to lay out a trifle, in a rational and elegant entertainment, for the benefit of his living remains, for the exercise of their own virtue, the increase of their reputation, and the consciousness of doing good, should appear at Drury Lane theatre, tomorrow, April 5, when COMUS will be performed for the benefit of Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, grand daughter to the author, and the only surviving branch of his family. *Nota bene*, there will be a new prologue on the occasion, written by the author of Irene, and spoken by Mr. Garrick." The man who had thus exerted himself to serve the grand daughter, cannot be supposed to have entertained personal malice to the grand father. It is true, that the malevolence of Lauder, as well as the impostures of Archibald Bower,

thought, with Milton, that this was not to be obtained "but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Having invoked the special protection of Heaven, and by that act of piety fortified his mind, he began the great work of the *Rambler*. The first number was published on Tuesday, March the 20th. 1750; and from that time was continued regularly every Tuesday and Saturday for the space of two years, when it finally closed, on Saturday, March 14th. 1752. As it began with motives of piety, so it appears that the same religious spirit glowed with unabating ardour to the last. His conclusion is; "The Essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with plea-

than ten essays. This was a scanty contribution. For the rest, the author has described his situation. "He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease; he will labour on a barren topic, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce." Of this excellent production the number sold on each day did not amount to five hundred; of course the bookseller, who paid the author four guineas a week, did not carry on a successful trade. His generosity and perseverance deserve to be commended; and happily when the collection appeared in volumes, were amply rewarded. Johnson lived to see his labours flourish in a tenth edition. His posterity, as an ingenious French writer has said on a similar occasion, began in his lifetime.

were fully detected by the labours, in the cause of truth, of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, now Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

> ..... "Diram qui contudit Hydram,
> Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit."

But the pamphlet, entitled, *Milton vindicated from the charge of Plagiarism brought against him by Mr. Lauder, and Lauder himself convicted of several Forgeries and gross Impositions upon the Public, by John Douglas, M. A. Rector of Eaton Constantine, Salop*, was not published till the year 1751. In that work, p. 77, Dr. Douglas says, "It is to be hoped, nay, it is *expected*, that the elegant and nervous writer, whose judicious sentiments and inimitable style point out the author of Lauder's preface and postscript, will no longer allow A MAN to *plume himself with his feathers*, who appears so little to have deserved his assistance, an assistance which I am persuaded would never have been communicated, had there been the least suspicion of those facts, which I have been the instrument of conveying to the world." We have here a contemporary testimony to the integrity of Dr. Johnson throughout the whole of that vile transaction. What was the consequence of the requisition made by Dr. Douglas? Johnson, whose ruling passion may be said to be the love of truth, convinced Lauder, that it would be more to his interest to make a full confession of his guilt, than to stand forth the convicted champion of a lie; and for this purpose he drew up, in the strongest terms, a recantation in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Douglas, which Lauder signed, and published in the year 1751. That piece will remain a lasting memorial of the abhorrence

with which Johnson beheld a violation of truth. Mr. Nichols, whose attachment to his illustrious friend was unwearied, shewed him, in 1780, a book, called *Remarks on Johnson's Life of Milton*, in which the affair of Lauder was renewed with virulence, and a *poetical scale* in the Literary Magazine, 1758, when Johnson had ceased to write in that collection, was urged as an additional proof of deliberate malice. He read the libellous passage with attention, and instantly wrote on the margin; "In the business of Lauder I was deceived, partly by thinking the man too frantic to be fraudulent. Of the *poetical scale* quoted from the Magazine I am not the author. I fancy it was put in after I had quitted that work; for I not only did not write it, but I do not remember it." As a critic and a scholar, Johnson was willing to receive what numbers at the time believed to be true information; when he found that the whole was a forgery, he renounced all connection with the author.

In March, 1752, he felt a severe stroke of affliction in the death of his wife. The last number of the Rambler, as already mentioned, was on the 14th. of that month. The loss of Mrs. Johnson was then approaching, and probably, was the cause that put an end to those admirable periodical essays. It appears that she died on the 28th. of March; in a memorandum, at the foot of the Prayers and Meditations, that is called her Dying Day. She was buried at Bromley, under the care of Dr. Hawkesworth. Johnson placed a Latin inscription on her tomb, in which he celebrated her beauty. With the singularity of his prayers for his deceased wife, from that time to the end of his days, the world is sufficiently

acquainted. On Easter day, 22d. April, 1764, his memorandum says; "Thought on Tetty, poor dear Tetty; with my eyes full. Went to church. After sermon I recommended Tetty in a prayer by herself; and my father, mother, brother, and Bathurst, in another. I did it only once, so far as it might be lawful for me." In a prayer, January 23, 1759, the day on which his mother was buried, he commends as far as may be lawful, her soul to God, imploring for her whatever is most beneficial to her present state. In this habit he persevered to the end of his days. The Rev. Mr. Strahan, the editor of the Prayers and Meditations, observes, "That Johnson, on some occasions, prays that the Almighty *may have had mercy* on his wife and Mr. Thrale; evidently supposing their sentence to have been already passed in the Divine mind; and by consequence, proving, that he had no belief in a state of purgatory, and no reason for praying for the dead that could impeach the sincerity of his profession as a protestant." Mr. Strahan adds, "That in praying for the regretted tenants of the grave, Johnson conformed to a practice which has been retained by many learned members of the established church, though the liturgy no longer admits it. *If where the tree falleth, there it shall be;* if our state, at the close of life, is to be the measure of our final sentence, then prayers for the dead, being visibly fruitless, can be regarded only as the vain oblations of superstition. But of all superstitions this, perhaps, is one of the least unamiable, and the most incident to a good mind. If our sensations of kindness be intense, those, whom we have revered and loved, death cannot wholly seclude from our

concern. It is true, for the reason just mentioned, such evidences of our surviving affection may be thought ill judged; but surely they are generous, and some natural tenderness is due even to a superstition, which thus originates in piety and benevolence." These sentences, extracted from the Rev. Mr. Strahan's preface, if they are not a full justification, are, at least, a beautiful apology. It will not be improper to add what Johnson himself has said on the subject. Being asked by Mr. Boswell,* what he thought of purgatory, as believed by the Roman Catholics? His answer was, "It is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion, that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment; nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and, therefore, that God is graciously pleased to allow a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see there is nothing unreasonable in this; and if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them, as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life." This was Dr. Johnson's guess into futurity; and to guess is the utmost that man can do. *Shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.*

Mrs. Johnson left a daughter, Lucy Porter, by her first husband. She had contracted a friendship with Mrs. Anne Williams, the daughter of Zachary Williams, a physician of eminence in South Wales, who had devoted more than thirty years of a long life to the study of the

* Life of Johnson, Vol. I. p. 328. 4to. edition.

longitude, and was thought to have made great advances towards that important discovery. His letters to Lord Halifax, and the lords of the admiralty, partly corrected and partly written by Dr. Johnson, are still extant in the hands of Mr. Nichols.* We there find Dr. Williams, in the eighty third year of his age, stating, that he had prepared an instrument, which might be called an epitome or miniature of the terraqueous globe, shewing, with the assistance of tables constructed by himself, the variations of the magnetic needle, and ascertaining the longitude for the safety of navigation. It appears that this scheme had been referred to Sir Isaac Newton ; but that great philosopher excusing himself on account of his advanced age, all applications were useless till 1751, when the subject was referred, by order of Lord Anson, to Dr. Bradley, the celebrated professor of astronomy. His report was unfavourable,† though it allows that a considerable progress had been made. Dr. Williams, after all his labour and expense, died in a short time after, a melancholy instance of unrewarded merit. His daughter possessed uncommon talents, and, though blind, had an alacrity of mind that made her conversation agreeable, and even desirable. To relieve and appease melancholy reflections, Johnson took her home to his house in Gough Square. In 1755, Garrick gave her a benefit play, which produced two hundred pounds. In 1766, she published, by subscription, a quarto volume of Miscellanies, and increased her little stock to three hun-

* See Gentleman's Magazine for Nov. and Dec. 1787.

† See Gentleman's Magazine, for Dec. 1787, p. 1042.

dred pounds. That fund, with Johnson's protection, supported her through the remainder of her life.

During the two years in which the Rambler was carried on, the Dictionary proceeded by slow degrees. In May, 1752, having composed a prayer preparatory to his return from tears and sorrow to the duties of life, he resumed his grand design, and went on with vigor, giving, however, occasional assistance to his friend Dr. Hawkesworth in the Adventurer, which began soon after the Rambler was laid aside. Some of the most valuable essays in that collection were from the pen of Johnson. The Dictionary was completed towards the end of 1754; and, Cave being then no more, it was a mortification to the author of that noble addition to our language, that his old friend did not live to see the triumph of his labours. In May 1755, that great work was published. Johnson was desirous that it should come from one who had obtained academical honours; and for that purpose his friend, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Warton, obtained for him, in the preceding month of February, a diploma for a master's degree from the University of Oxford. Garrick, on the publication of the Dictionary, wrote the following lines;

"Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That one English soldier can beat ten of France.
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men.
In the deep mines of science though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compar'd to Locke, Newton, or Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their pow'rs,
Their versemen and prosemen, then match them with ours.

First Shakspeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight.
In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope?
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope.
And Johnson well arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more."

It is, perhaps, needless to mention, that forty was the number of the French academy, at the time when their dictionary was published to settle their language.

In the course of the winter preceding this grand publication, the late Earl of Chesterfield gave two essays in the periodical paper, called THE WORLD, dated November 28, and December 5, 1754, to prepare the public for so important a work. The original plan, addressed to his lordship in the year 1747, is there mentioned in terms of the highest praise; and this was understood, at the time, to be a courtly way of soliciting a dedication of the Dictionary to himself. Johnson treated this civility with disdain. He said to Garrick and others, "I have sailed a long and painful voyage round the world of the English language; and does he now send out two cockboats to tow me into harbour?" He had said, in the last number of the Rambler, "that having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of dedication." Such a man when he had finished his Dictionary, "not," as he says himself, "in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow, and without the patronage of the great," was not likely to be caught by the lure thrown out by Lord Chesterfield. He had

in vain sought the patronage of that nobleman; and his pride, exasperated by disappointment, drew from him the following letter, dated in the month of February, 1755.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

"My Lord,

"I have been lately informed, by the proprietors of The World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish, that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de le terre;* that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward room, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to com-

plain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The Shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received; or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My Lord,

"your lordship's most humble

"and most obedient servant,

"Samuel Johnson."

It is said, upon good authority, that Johnson once received from Lord Chesterfield the sum of ten pounds.

It were to be wished that the secret had never transpired. It was mean to receive it, and meaner to give it. It may be imagined, that for Johnson's ferocity, as it has been called, there was some foundation in his finances; and, as his Dictionary was brought to a conclusion, that money was now to flow in upon him. The reverse was the case. For his subsistence, during the progress of the work, he had received at different times the amount of his contract; and when his receipts were produced to him at a tavern dinner, given by the booksellers, it appeared, that he had been paid a hundred pounds and upwards more than his due. The author of a book, called *Lexiphanes*,* written by a Mr. Campbell, a Scotchman, and purser of a man of war, endeavoured to blast his laurels, but in vain. The world applauded, and Johnson never replied. "Abuse," he said, "is often of service; there is nothing so dangerous to an author as silence; his name, like a shuttlecock, must be beat backward and forward, or it falls to the ground." Lexiphanes professed to be an imitation of the pleasant manner of Lucian; but humour was not the talent of the writer of Lexiphanes. As Dryden says, "He had too much horse play in his raillery."

It was in the summer 1754, that the present writer became acquainted with Dr. Johnson. The cause of his first visit is related by Mrs. Piozzi nearly in the following manner. "Mr. Murphy being engaged in a periodical paper, the Gray's Inn Journal, was at a friend's house in

* This work was not published until the year 1767, when Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was fully established in reputation. C.

the country, and, not being disposed to lose pleasure for business, wished to content his bookseller by some unstudied essay. He therefore took up a French *Journal Litéraire*, and translating something he liked, sent it away to town. Time, however, discovered that he translated from the French a Rambler, which had been taken from the English without acknowledgment. Upon this discovery Mr. Murphy thought it right to make his excuses to Dr. Johnson. He went next day, and found him covered with soot, like a chimney sweeper, in a little room, as if he had been acting Lungs in the Alchemist, *making ether*. This being told by Mr. Murphy in company, come, come, said Dr. Johnson, the story is black enough; but it was a happy day that brought you first to my house." After this first visit, the author of this narrative by degrees grew intimate with Dr. Johnson. The first striking sentence, that he heard from him, was in a few days after the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works. Mr. Garrick asked him, "If he had seen them?" "Yes, I have seen them." "What do you think of them?" "Think of them!" He made a long pause, and then replied; "Think of them! A scoundrel and a coward! A scoundrel, who spent his life in charging a gun against Christianity; and a coward, who was afraid of hearing the report of his own gun; but left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death." His mind, at this time, strained and overlaboured by constant exertion, called for an interval of repose and indolence. But indolence was the time of danger; it was then that his spirits, not employed abroad, turned with inward hostility against himself.

His reflections on his own life and conduct were always severe; and, wishing to be immaculate, he destroyed his own peace by unnecessary scruples. He tells us, that when he surveyed his past life, he discovered nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of mind, very near to madness. His life, he says, from his earliest years, was wasted in a morning bed; and his reigning sin was a general sluggishness, to which he was always inclined, and in part of his life, almost compelled, by morbid melancholy, and weariness of mind. This was his constitutional malady, derived, perhaps, from his father, who was, at times, overcast with a gloom that bordered on insanity. When to this it is added, that Johnson, about the age of twenty, drew up a description of his infirmities, for Dr. Swinfen, at that time an eminent physician in Staffordshire; and received an answer to his letter, importing, that the symptoms indicated a future privation of reason; who can wonder that he was troubled with melancholy and dejection of spirit? An apprehension of the worst calamity that can befal human nature hung over him all the rest of his life, like the sword of the tyrant suspended over his guest. In his sixtieth year he had a mind to write the history of his melancholy; but he desisted, not knowing whether it would not too much disturb him. In a Latin poem, however, to which he has prefixed, as a title, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, he has left a picture of himself, drawn with as much truth, and as firm a hand, as can be seen in the portraits of Hogarth or Sir Joshua Reynolds. The learned reader will find the original poem in this

volume, and it is hoped, that a translation, or rather imitation, of so curious a piece will not be improper in this place.

KNOW YOURSELF.

AFTER REVISING AND ENLARGING THE ENGLISH LEXICON, OR DICTIONARY.

When Scaliger, whole years of labour past,
Beheld his Lexicon complete at last,
And weary of his task, with wond'ring eyes,
Saw from words pil'd on words a fabric rise,
He curs'd the industry, inertly strong,
In creeping toil that could persist so long,
And if, enraged he cried, Heav'n meant to shed
Its keenest vengeance on the guilty head,
The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
Doom'd to write Lexicons in endless wo.*

Yes, you had cause, great Genius to repent;
"You lost good days, that might be better spent;"
You well might grudge the hours of ling'ring pain,
And view your learned labours with disdain.
To you were given the large expanded mind,
The flame of genius, and the taste refin'd.
'Twas yours on eagle wings aloft to soar,
And amidst rolling worlds the Great First Cause explore;
To fix the eras of recorded time,
And live in ev'ry age and ev'ry clime;
Record the chiefs, who propt their country's cause;
Who founded empires, and established laws;
To learn whate'er the Sage with virtue fraught,
Whate'er the Muse of moral wisdom taught.
These were your quarry; these to you were known,
And the world's ample volume was your own.

* See Scaliger's Epigram on this subject, communicated without doubt by Dr. Johnson, Gent. Mag. 1748, p. 8.

Yet warn'd by me, ye pigmy wits, beware,
Nor with immortal Scaliger compare.
For me, though his example strike my view,
Oh! not for me his footsteps to pursue.
Whether first Nature, unpropitious, cold,
This clay compounded in a ruder mould;
Or the slow current, loit'ring at my heart,
No gleam of wit or fancy can impart;
Whate'er the cause, from me no numbers flow,
No visions warm me, and no raptures glow.
A mind like Scaliger's, superior still,
No grief could conquer, no misfortune chill.
Though for the maze of words his native skies
He seem'd to quit, 'twas but again to rise;
To mount once more to the bright source of day,
And view the wonders of the etherial way.
The love of fame his gen'rous bosom fir'd;
Each science hail'd him, and each Muse inspir'd.
For him the sons of learning trimm'd the bays,
And nations grew harmonious in his praise.
My task perform'd, and all my labours o'er,
For me what lot has fortune now in store?
The listless will succeeds, that worst disease,
The rack of indolence, the sluggish ease.
Care grows on care, and o'er my aching brain
Black melancholy pours her morbid train.
No kind relief, no lenitive at hand,
I seek at midnight clubs, the social band;
But midnight clubs, where wit with noise conspires,
Where Comus revels, and where wine inspires,
Delight no more; I seek my lonely bed,
And call on sleep to sooth my languid head.
But sleep from these sad lips flies far away;
I mourn all night, and dread the coming day.
Exhausted, tir'd, I throw my eyes around,
To find some vacant spot on classic ground;

And soon, vain hope! I form a grand design;
Languor succeeds, and all my pow'rs decline.
If science open not her richest vein,
Without materials all our toil is vain.
A form to rugged stone when Phidias gives,
Beneath his touch a new creation lives.
Remove his marble, and his genius dies;
With nature then no breathing statue vies.
Whate'er I plan, I feel my pow'rs confin'd
By fortune's frown and penury of mind.
I boast no knowledge glean'd with toil and strife,
That bright reward of a well acted life.
I view myself, while reason's feeble light
Shoots a pale glimmer through the gloom of night,
While passions, error, phantoms of the brain,
And vain opinions, fill the dark domain;
A dreary void, where fears with grief combin'd
Waste all within, and desolate the mind.
What then remains? Must I in slow decline
To mute inglorious ease old age resign?
Or, bold ambition kindling in my breast,
Attempt some arduous task? Or, were it best
Brooding o'er Lexicons to pass the day,
And in that labour drudge my life away?

Such is the picture for which Dr. Johnson sat to himself. He gives the prominent features of his character; his lassitude, his morbid melancholy, his love of fame, his dejection, his tavern parties, and his wandering reveries, *Vacuæ mala somnia mentis*, about which so much has been written; all are painted in miniature, but in vivd colours, by his own hand. His idea of writing more dictionaries was not merely said in verse. Mr. Hamilton, who was at that time an eminent printer, and well acquainted with Dr. Johnson, remembers that he

engaged in a Commercial Dictionary, and, as appears by the receipts in his possession, was paid his price for several sheets; but he soon relinquished the undertaking. It is probable, that he found himself not sufficiently versed in that branch of knowledge.

He was again reduced to the expedient of short compositions for the supply of the day. The writer of this narrative has now before him a letter in Dr. Johnson's hand writing, which shews the distress and melancholy situation of the man, who had written the Rambler, and finished the great work of his Dictionary. The letter is directed to Mr. Richardson, the author of Clarissa, and is as follows;

"SIR,

"I am obliged to entreat your assistance. I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home; and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, sir,

"Your most obedient,

"and most humble servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

"Gough Square, 16 March."

In the margin of this letter there is a memorandum in these words; "March 16, 1756, sent six guineas. Witness Wm. Richardson." For the honour of an admired writer it is to be regretted, that we do not find a

more liberal entry. To his friend in distress he sent eight shillings more than was wanted. Had an incident of this kind occurred in one of his Romances, Richardson would have known how to grace his hero ; but in fictitious scenes generosity costs the writer nothing.

About this time Johnson contributed several papers to a periodical Miscellany, called the VISITOR, from motives which are highly honourable to him, a compassionate regard for the late Mr. Christopher Smart. The Criticism on Pope's Epitaphs appeared in that work. In a short time after, he became a reviewer in the Literary Magazine, under the auspices of the late Mr. Newbery, a man of a projecting head, good taste, and great industry. This employment engrossed but little of Johnson's time. He resigned himself to indolence, took no exercise, rose about two, and then received the visits of his friends. Authors, long since forgotten, waited upon him as their oracle, and he gave responses in the chair of criticism. He listened to the complaints, the schemes, and the hopes and fears, of a crowd of inferior writers, " who," he said, in the words of Roger Ascham, " lived, *men knew not how, and died obscure, men marked not when.*" He believed, that he could give a better history of Grub Street than any man living. His house was filled with a succession of visitors till four or five in the evening. During the whole time he presided at tea table. Tea was his favourite beverage ; and, when the late Jonas Hanway pronounced his anathema against the use of tea, Johnson rose in defence of his habitual practice, declaring himself " in that article a hardened sinner, who had for

years diluted his meals with the infusion of that fascinating plant; whose tea kettle had no time to cool; who with tea solaced the midnight hour, and with tea welcomed the morning."

The proposal for a new edition of Shakspeare, which had formerly miscarried, was resumed in the year 1756. The booksellers readily agreed to his terms; and subscription tickets were issued out. For undertaking this work, money, he confessed, was the inciting motive. His friends exerted themselves to promote his interest; and, in the mean time, he engaged in a new periodical production called THE IDLER. The first number appeared on Saturday, April 15, 1758; and the last, April 5, 1760. The profits of this work, and the subscriptions for the new edition of Shakspeare, were the means by which he supported himself for four or five years. In 1759 was published Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. His translation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia seems to have pointed out that country for the scene of action; and *Rassila Christos*, the general of *Sultan Segued*, mentioned in that work, most probably suggested the name of the prince. The author wanted to set out on a journey to Lichfield, in order to pay the last offices of filial piety to his mother, who, at the age of ninety, was then near her dissolution; but money was necessary. Mr. Johnson, a bookseller, who has long since left off business, gave one hundred pounds for the copy. With this supply Johnson set out for Lichfield; but did not arrive in time to close the eyes of a parent whom he loved. He attended the funeral, which, as appears among his memorandums, was on the 23d. of January, 1759.

Johnson now found it necessary to retrench his expenses. He gave up his house in Gough Square. Mrs. Williams went into lodgings. He retired to Gray's Inn, and soon removed to chambers in the Inner Temple Lane, where he lived in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature. *Magni stat nominis umbra.* Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of Lord St. Helen's, the present minister at Madrid, a man distinguished through life for his benevolence and other amiable qualities, used to say, that he paid a morning visit to Johnson, intending from his chambers to send a letter into the city; but, to his great surprise, he found an author by profession without pen, ink, or paper. The present bishop of Salisbury was also among those who endeavoured, by constant attention, to sooth the cares of a mind which he knew to be afflicted with gloomy apprehensions. At one of the parties made at his house, Boscovich, the Jesuit, who had then lately introduced the Newtonian philosophy at Rome, and, after publishing an elegant Latin poem on the subject, was made a fellow of the Royal Society, was one of the company invited to meet Dr. Johnson. The conversation at first was mostly in French. Johnson, though thoroughly versed in that language, and a professed admirer of Boileau and La Bruyere, did not understand its pronunciation, nor could he speak it himself with propriety. For the rest of the evening the talk was in Latin. Boscovich had a ready current flow of that flimsy phraseology with which a priest may travel through Italy, Spain, and Germany. Johnson scorned what he called colloquial barbarisms. It was his pride to speak his best. He went on, after a little practice,

with as much facility as if it was his natural tongue. One sentence this writer well remembers. Observing that Fontinelle at first opposed the Newtonian philosophy, and embraced it afterwards, his words were ; *Fontinellus, ni fallor, in extrema senectute, fuit transfuga ad castra Newtoniana.*

We have now travelled through that part of Dr. Johnson's life which was a perpetual struggle with difficulties. Halcyon days are now to open upon him. In the month of May, 1762, his majesty, to reward literary merit, signified his pleasure to grant Johnson a pension of three hundred pounds a year. The Earl of Bute was minister. Lord Loughborough, who, perhaps, was originally a mover in the business, had authority to mention it. He was well acquainted with Johnson ; but, having heard much of his independent spirit, and of the downfal of Osborne the bookseller, he did not know but his benevolence might be rewarded with a folio on his head. He desired the author of these memoirs to undertake the task. This writer thought the opportunity of doing so much good the most happy incident in his life. He went, without delay, to the chambers in the Inner Temple Lane, which, in fact, were the abode of wretchedness. By slow and studied approaches the message was disclosed. Johnson made a long pause ; he asked if it was seriously intended ? He fell into a profound meditation, and his own definition of a pensioner occurred to him. He was told, "That he, at least, did not come within the definition." He desired to meet next day and dine at the Mitre Tavern. At that meeting he gave up all his scruples. On

the following day Lord Loughborough conducted him to the Earl of Bute. The conversation that passed was in the evening related to this writer by Dr. Johnson. He expressed his sense of his majesty's bounty, and thought himself the more highly honoured, as the favour was not bestowed on him for having dipped his pen in faction. "No, sir," said Lord Bute, "it is not offered to you for having dipped your pen in faction, nor with a design that you ever should." Sir John Hawkins will have it, that after this interview, Johnson was often pressed to wait on Lord Bute, but with a sullen spirit refused to comply. However that be, Johnson was never heard to utter a disrespectful word of that nobleman. The writer of this essay remembers a circumstance which may throw some light on this subject. The late Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, whom Johnson loved and respected, contended for the preeminence of the Scotch writers; and Ferguson's book on Civil Society, then on the eve of publication, he said, would give the laurel to North Britain. "Alas! what can he do upon that subject?" said Johnson. "Aristotle, Polybius, Grotius, Puffendorf, and Burlemaqui, have reaped in that field before him." "He will treat it," said Dr. Rose, "in a new manner." "A new manner! Buckinger had no hands, and he wrote his name with his toes at Charing Cross, for half a crown a piece; that was a new manner of writing!" Dr. Rose replied, "If that will not satisfy you, I will name a writer, whom you must allow to be the best in the kingdom." "Who is that?" "The Earl of Bute, when he wrote an order for your pension." "There, sir," said Johnson, "you have me in the toil;

to Lord Bute I must allow whatever praise you claim for him." Ingratitude was no part of Johnson's character.

Being now in the possession of a regular income, Johnson left his chambers in the temple, and once more became master of a house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. Dr. Levet, his friend and physician in ordinary,* paid his daily visits with assiduity ; made tea all the morning, talked what he had to say, and did not expect an answer. Mrs. Williams had her apartment in the house, and entertained her benefactor with more enlarged conversation. Chymistry was part of Johnson's amusement. For this love of experimental philosophy, Sir John Hawkins thinks an apology necessary. He tells us, with great gravity, that curiosity was the only object in view ; not an intention to grow suddenly rich by the philosopher's stone, or the transmutation of metals. To enlarge his circle, Johnson once more had recourse to a literary club. This was at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, on every Tuesday evening through the year. The members were, besides himself, the right honourable Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, the late Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, and some others. Johnson's affection for Sir Joshua was founded on a long acquaintance, and a thorough knowledge of the virtues and amiable qualities of that excellent artist. He delighted in the conversation of Mr. Burke. He met him for the first time at Mr. Garrick's several years ago. On the next day he

* See Johnson's epitaph on him, in this volume.

said, "I suppose, Murphy, you are proud of your countryman. CUM TALIS SIT UTINAM NOSTER ESSET!" From that time his constant observation was, "That a man of sense could not meet Mr. Burke by accident, under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England." Johnson felt not only kindness, but zeal and ardour for his friends. He did every thing in his power to advance the reputation of Dr. Goldsmith. He loved him, though he knew his failings, and particularly the leaven of envy, which corroded the mind of that elegant writer, and made him impatient, without disguise, of the praises bestowed on any person whatever. Of this infirmity, which marked Goldsmith's character, Johnson gave a remarkable instance. It happened that he went with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Goldsmith to see the Fantoccini, which were exhibited some years ago in or near the Haymarket. They admired the curious mechanism by which the puppets were made to walk the stage, draw a chair to the table, sit down, write a letter, and perform a variety of other actions, with such dexterity, that *though nature's journeymen made the men, they imitated humanity* to the astonishment of the spectator. The entertainment being over, the three friends retired to a tavern. Johnson and Sir Joshua talked with pleasure of what they had seen; and, says Johnson, in a tone of admiration, "How the little fellow brandished his spontoon!" "There is nothing in it," replied Goldsmith, starting up with impatience; "give me a spontoon; I can do it as well myself."

Enjoying his amusements at his weekly club, and happy in a state of independence, Johnson gained in the year 1765 another resource, which contributed more than any thing else to exempt him from the solicitudes of life. He was introduced to the late Mr. Thrale and his family. Mrs. Piozzi has related the fact, and it is therefore needless to repeat it in this place. The author of this narrative looks back to the share he had in that business with self congratulation, since he knows the tenderness which from that time soothed Johnson's cares at Streatham, and prolonged a valuable life. The subscribers of Shakspeare began to despair of ever seeing the promised edition. To acquit himself of this obligation, he went to work unwillingly, but proceeded with vigor. In the month of October, 1765, Shakspeare was published; and, in a short time after, the university of Dublin sent over a diploma, in honourable terms, creating him a doctor of laws. Oxford in eight or ten years afterwards followed the example; and till then Johnson never assumed the title of doctor. In 1766 his constitution seemed to be in a rapid decline; and that morbid melancholy, which often clouded his understanding, came upon him with a deeper gloom than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Thrale paid him a visit in this situation, and found him on his knees, with Dr. Delap, the rector of Lewes, in Sussex, beseeching God to continue to him the use of his understanding. Mr. Thrale took him to his house at Streatham; and Johnson from that time became a constant resident in the family. He went occasionally to the club in Gerard Street; but his headquarters were

fixed at Streatham. An apartment was fitted up for him, and the library was greatly enlarged. Parties were constantly invited from town; and Johnson was every day at an elegant table, with select and polished company. Whatever could be devised by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale to promote the happiness, and establish the health of their guest, was studiously performed from that time to the end of Mr. Thrale's life. Johnson accompanied the family in all their summer excursions to Brighthelmstone, to Wales, and to Paris. It is but justice to Mr. Thrale to say, that a more ingenuous frame of mind no man possessed. His education at Oxford gave him the habits of a gentleman; his amiable temper recommended his conversation; and the goodness of his heart made him a sincere friend. That he was the patron of Johnson is an honour to his memory.

In petty disputes with contemporary writers, or the wits of the age, Johnson was seldom entangled. A single incident of that kind may not be unworthy of notice, since it happened with a man of great celebrity in his time. A number of friends dined with Garrick on a christmas day. Foote was then in Ireland. It was said at table, that the modern Aristophanes, so Foote was called, had been horsewhipped by a Dublin apothecary, for mimicking him on the stage. "I wonder," said Garrick, "that any man should shew so much resentment to Foote; he has a patent for such liberties; nobody ever thought it *worth his while* to quarrel with him in London." "I am glad," said Johnson, "to find that the *man is rising in the world.*" The expression was afterwards reported to Foote; who, in return, gave out,

that he would produce the *Caliban of literature* on the stage. Being informed of this design, Johnson sent word to Foote, "That the theatre being intended for the reformation of vice, he would step from the boxes on the stage, and correct him before the audience." Foote knew the intrepidity of his antagonist, and abandoned the design. No ill will ensued. Johnson used to say, "That, for broad faced mirth, Foote had not his equal."

Dr. Johnson's fame excited the curiosity of the king. His majesty expressed a desire to see a man of whom extraordinary things were said. Accordingly, the librarian at Buckingham house invited Johnson to see that elegant collection of books, at the same time giving a hint of what was intended. His majesty entered the room; and, among other things, asked the author, "If he meant to give the world any more of his compositions?" Johnson answered, "That he thought he had written enough." "And I should think so too," replied his majesty, "if you had not written so well."

Though Johnson thought he had written enough, his genius, even in spite of bodily sluggishness, could not lie still. In 1770 we find him entering the lists as a political writer. The flame of discord that blazed throughout the nation on the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes, and the final determination of the house of commons, that Mr. Luttrell was duly elected by 206 votes against 1143, spread a general spirit of discontent. To allay the tumult, Dr. Johnson published *The False Alarm*. Mrs. Piozzi informs us, "That this pamphlet was written at her house, between eight o'clock on Wednesday night and twelve on Thursday night." This celerity has ap-

peared wonderful to many, and some have doubted the truth. It may, however, be placed within the bounds of probability. Johnson has observed that there are different methods of composition. Virgil was used to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching the exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies ; and it was Pope's custom to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them. Others employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only, when, in their opinion, they have completed them. This last was Johnson's method. He never took his pen in hand till he had well weighed his subject, and grasped in his mind the sentiments, the train of argument, and the arrangement of the whole. As he often thought aloud, he had, perhaps, talked it over to himself. This may account for that rapidity with which, in general, he despatched his sheets to the press, without being at the trouble of a fair copy. Whatever may be the logic or eloquence of the *False Alarm*, the house of commons have since erased the resolution from the journals. But whether they have not left materials for a future controversy may be made a question.

In 1771 he published another tract, on the subject of FALKLAND ISLANDS. The design was to shew the impropriety of going to war with Spain for an island thrown aside from human use, stormy in winter, and barren in summer. For this work it is apparent that materials were furnished by direction of the minister.

At the approach of the general election in 1774, he wrote a short discourse, called THE PATRIOT, not with any visible application to Mr. Wilkes; but to teach the people to reject the leaders of opposition, who called themselves patriots. In 1775 he undertook a pamphlet of more importance, namely, *Taxation no Tyranny*, in answer to the resolutions and address of the American Congress. The scope of the argument was, that distant colonies, which had in their assemblies a legislature of their own, were, notwithstanding, liable to be taxed in a British Parliament, where they had neither peers in one house, nor representatives in the other. He was of opinion, that this country was strong enough to enforce obedience. "When an Englishman," he says, "is told that the Americans shoot up like the hydra, he naturally considers how the hydra was destroyed." The event has shewn how much he and the minister of that day were mistaken.

The Account of the Tour to the Western Islands of Scotland, which was undertaken in the Autumn of 1773, in company with Mr. Boswell, was not published till some time in the year 1775. This book has been variously received; by some extolled for the elegance of the narrative, and the depth of observation on life and manners; by others, as much condemned, as a work of avowed hostility to the Scotch nation. The praise was, beyond all question, fairly deserved; and the censure, on due examination, will appear hasty and ill founded. That Johnson entertained some prejudices against the Scotch, must not be dissembled. It is true, as Mr. Boswell says, "*that he thought their success in England*

exceeded their proportion of real merit, and he could not but see in them that nationality which no liberal minded Scotsman will deny." The author of these memoirs well remembers, that Johnson one day asked him, "Have you observed the difference between your own country impudence and Scottish impudence?" The answer being in the negative; "Then I will tell you," said Johnson. "The impudence of an Irishman is the impudence of a fly, that buzzes about you, and you put it away, but it returns again, and flutters and teazes you. The impudence of a Scotsman is the impudence of a leech, that fixes and sucks your blood." Upon another occasion, this writer went with him into the shop of Davis the bookseller, in Russel Street, Covent Garden. Davis came running to him almost out of breath with joy; "The Scots gentleman is come, sir; his principal wish is to see you; he is now in the back parlour." "Well, well, I'll see the gentleman," said Johnson. He walked towards the room. Mr. Boswell was the person. This writer followed with no small curiosity. "I find," said Mr. Boswell, "that I am come to London at a bad time, when great popular prejudice has gone forth against us North Britons; but when I am talking to you, I am talking to a large and liberal mind, and you know that I cannot *help coming from Scotland.*" "Sir," said Johnson, "no more can the rest of your countrymen."*

He had other reasons that helped to alienate him from the natives of Scotland. Being a cordial well wisher to

* Mr. Boswell's account of this introduction is very different from the above. See his Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 360, 8vo. edit. 1804.

the constitution in church and state, he did not think that Calvin and John Knox were proper founders of a national religion. He made, however, a wide distinction between the dissenters of Scotland and the separatists of England. To the former he imputed no disaffection, no want of loyalty. Their soldiers and their officers had shed their blood with zeal and courage in the service of Great Britain; and the people, he used to say, were content with their own established modes of worship, without wishing, in the present age, to give any disturbance to the church of England. This he was at all times ready to admit; and therefore declared, that whenever he found a Scotchman to whom an Englishman was as a Scotchman, that Scotchman should be as an Englishman to him. In this, surely, there was no rancour, no malevolence. The dissenters on this side the Tweed appeared to him in a different light. Their religion, he frequently said, was too worldly, too political, too restless and ambitious. The doctrine of *cashiering* kings, and erecting on the ruins of the constitution a new form of government, which lately issued from their pulpits, he always thought was, under a calm disguise, the principle that lay lurking in their hearts. He knew that a wild democracy had overturned kings, lords, and commons; and that a set of republican fanatics, who would not bow at the name of Jesus, had taken possession of all the livings and all the parishes in the kingdom. That those scenes of horror might never be renewed, was the ardent wish of Dr. Johnson; and though he apprehended no danger from Scotland, it is probable that his dislike of calvinism mingled sometimes with his reflec-

tions on the natives of that country. The association of ideas could not be easily broken; but it is well known that he loved and respected many gentlemen from that part of the island. Dr. Robertson's History of Scotland, and Dr. Beattie's Essays, were subjects of his constant praise. Mr. Boswell, Dr. Rose of Chiswick, Andrew Millar, Mr. Hamilton the printer, and the late Mr. Strahan, were among his most intimate friends. Many others might be added to the list. He scorned to enter Scotland as a spy; though Hawkins, his biographer, and the professing defender of his fame, allowed himself leave to represent him in that ignoble character. He went into Scotland to survey men and manners. Antiquities, fossils, and minerals, were not within his province. He did not visit that country to settle the station of Roman camps, or the spot where Galgacus fought the last battle for public liberty. The people, their customs, and the progress of literature, were his objects. The civilities which he received in the course of his tour have been repaid with grateful acknowledgment, and, generally, with great elegance of expression. His crime is, that he found the country bare of trees, and he has stated the fact. This, Mr. Boswell, in his tour to the Hebrides, has told us, was resented by his countrymen with anger inflamed to rancour; but he admits that there are few trees on the east side of Scotland. Mr. Pennant, in his tour, says, that in some parts of the eastern side of the country, he saw several large plantations of pine planted by gentlemen near their seats; and in this respect such a laudable spirit prevails, that, *in another half century*, it never shall be said, "*To spy the naked-*

ness of the land are you come." Johnson could not wait for that half century, and therefore mentioned things as he found them. If in any thing he has been mistaken, he has made a fair apology in the last paragraph of his book, avowing with candour, "That he may have been surprised by modes of life, and appearances of nature, that are familiar to men of wider survey, and more varied conversation. Novelty and ignorance must always be reciprocal; and he is conscious that his thoughts on national manners are the thoughts of one who has seen but little."

The Poems of Ossian made a part of Johnson's inquiry during his residence in Scotland and the Hebrides. On his return to England, November 1773, a storm seemed to be gathering over his head; but the cloud never burst, and the thunder never fell. Ossian, it is well known, was presented to the public as a translation from the *Earse;* but that this was a fraud, Johnson declared without hesitation. "The *Earse,*" he says, "was always oral only, and never a written language. The Welch and the Irish were more cultivated. In *Earse* there was not in the world a single manuscript a hundred years old. Martin, who in the last century published an account of the Western Islands, mentions *Irish*, but never *Earse* manuscripts, to be found in the islands in his time. The bards could not read; if they could, they might probably have written. But the bard was a barbarian among barbarians, and, knowing nothing himself, lived with others that knew no more. If there is a manuscript from which the translation was made, in what age was it written, and where is it? If it was collected from

oral recitation, it could only be in detached parts and scattered fragments; the whole is too long to be remembered. Who put it together in its present form?" For these, and such like reasons, Johnson calls the whole an imposture. He adds, "The editor, or author, never could shew the original, nor can it be shewn by any other. To revenge reasonable incredulity, by refusing evidence, is a degree of insolence with which the world is not yet acquainted; and stubborn audacity is the last refuge of guilt." This reasoning carries with it great weight. It roused the resentment of Mr. Macpherson. He sent a threatening letter to the author; and Johnson answered him in the rough phrase of stern defiance. The two heroes frowned at a distance, but never came to action.

In the year 1777, the misfortunes of Dr. Dodd excited his compassion. He wrote a speech for that unhappy man, when called up to receive judgment of death; besides two petitions, one to the king, and another to the queen; and a sermon to be preached by Dodd to the convicts in Newgate. It may appear trifling to add, that about the same time he wrote a prologue to the comedy of a Word to the Wise, written by *Hugh Kelly*. The play, some years before, had been damned by a party on the first night. It was revived for the benefit of the author's widow. Mrs. Piozzi relates, that when Johnson was rallied for these exertions, so close to one another, his answer was, *When they come to me with a dying parson, and a dead staymaker, what can a man do?* We come now to the last of his literary labours. At the request of the booksellers he undertook the Lives of the Poets. The first publication was in 1779, and

the whole was completed in 1781. In a memorandum of that year he says, sometime in March he finished the Lives of the Poets, which he wrote in his usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, yet working with vigor and haste. In another place, he hopes they are written in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety. That the history of so many men, who, in their different degrees, made themselves conspicuous in their time, was not written recently after their deaths, seems to be an omission that does no honour to the Republic of Letters. Their contemporaries in general looked on with calm indifference, and suffered wit and genius to vanish out of the world in total silence, unregarded, and unlamented. Was there no friend to pay the tribute of a tear? No just observer of life, to record the virtues of the deceased? Was even envy silent? It seemed to have been agreed, that if an author's works survived, the history of the man was to give no moral lesson to after ages. If tradition told us that BEN JONSON went to the Devil Tavern; that SHAKSPEARE stole deer, and held the stirrup at playhouse doors; that DRYDEN frequented Button's coffeehouse; curiosity was lulled asleep, and biography forgot the best part of her function, which is to instruct mankind by examples taken from the school of life. This task remained for Dr. Johnson, when years had rolled away; when the channels of information were, for the most part, choked up, and little remained besides doubtful anecdote, uncertain tradition, and vague report.

"Nunc situs informis premit et deserta Vetustas."

The value of biography has been better understood in other ages, and in other countries. Tacitus informs us, that to record the lives and characters of illustrious men was the practice of the Roman authors, in the early periods of the Republic. In France the example has been followed. *Fontenelle*, *d'Alembert*, and *Monsieur Thomas*, have left models in this kind of composition. They have *embalmed* the dead. But it is true, that they had incitements and advantages, even at a distant day, which could not, by any diligence, be obtained by Dr. Johnson. The wits of France had ample materials. They lived in a nation of critics, who had at heart the honour done to their country by their Poets, their Heroes, and their Philosophers. They had, besides, an *Academy of Belles Lettres*, where genius was cultivated, refined, and encouraged. They had the tracts, the essays, and dissertations, which remain in the memoirs of the academy, and they had the speeches of the several members, delivered at their first admission to a seat in that learned assembly. In those speeches the new academician did ample justice to the memory of his predeccssor; and though his harangue was decorated with the colours of eloquence, and was, for that reason, called panegyric, yet being pronounced before qualified judges, who knew the talents, the conduct, and morals of the deceased, the speaker could not, with propriety, wander into the regions of fiction. The truth was known, before it was adorned. The academy saw the marble before the artist polished it. But this country has had no Academy of Literature. The public mind, for centuries, has been engrossed by party and faction; *by the madness of many*

for the gain of a few ; by civil wars, religious dissentions, trade and commerce, and the arts of accumulating wealth. Amidst such attentions, who can wonder that cold praise has been often the only reward of merit ? In this country Doctor Nathaniel Hodges, who, like the good bishop of Marseilles, *drew purer breath* amidst the contagion of the plague in London, and, during the whole time, continued in the city, administering medical assistance, was suffered, as Johnson used to relate with tears in his eyes, to die for debt in a gaol. In this country, the man who brought the New River to London was ruined by that noble project ; and in this country, Otway died for want on Tower Hill ; Butler, the great author of Hudibras, whose name can only die with the English language, was left to languish in poverty, the particulars of his life almost unknown, and scarce a vestige of him left except his immortal poem. Had there been an Academy of Literature, the lives, at least, of those celebrated persons would have been written for the benefit of posterity. Swift, it seems, had the idea of such an institution, and proposed it to Lord Oxford ; but whig and tory were more important objects. It is needless to dissemble, that Dr. Johnson, in the Life of Roscommon, talks of the inutility of such a project. " In this country," he says, " an academy could be expected to do but little. If an academician's place were profitable, it would be given by interest ; if attendance were gratuitous, it would be rarely paid, and no man would endure the least disgust. Unanimity is impossible, and debate would separate the assembly." To this it may be sufficient to answer, that the royal society has not been dissolved by sullen disgust ;

and the modern academy at Somerset house has already performed much, and promises more. Unanimity is not necessary to such an assembly. On the contrary, by difference of opinion, and collision of sentiment, the cause of literature would thrive and flourish. The true principles of criticism, the secret of fine writing, the investigation of antiquities, and other interesting subjects, might occasion a clash of opinions ; but in that contention truth would receive illustration, and the essays of the several members would supply the memoirs of the academy. " But," says Dr. Johnson, " suppose the philological decree made and promulgated, what would be its authority ? In absolute government there is sometimes a general reverence paid to all that has the sanction of power, the countenance of greatness. How little this is the state of our country needs not to be told. The edicts of an English academy would probably be read by many, only that they may be sure to disobey them. The present manners of the nation would deride authority, and therefore nothing is left, but that every writer should criticise himself." This surely is not conclusive. It is by the standard of the best writers that every man settles for himself his plan of legitimate composition ; and since the authority of superior genius is acknowledged, that authority, which the individual obtains, would not be lessened by an association with others of distinguished ability. It may, therefore, be inferred, that an Academy of Literature would be an establishment highly useful, and an honour to literature. In such an institution profitable places would not be wanted. *Vatis avarus haud facile est animus ;* and the minister, who shall find

leisure from party and faction to carry such a scheme into execution, will, in all probability, be respected by posterity as the Mecenas of letters.

We now take leave of Dr. Johnson as an author. Four volumes of his Lives of the Poets were published in 1778, and the work was completed in 1781. Should biography fall again into disuse, there will not always be a Johnson to look back through a century, and give a body of critical and moral instruction. In April 1781, he lost his friend Mr. Thrale. His own words, in his diary, will best tell that melancholy event. "On Wednesday the 11th. of April, was buried my dear friend Mr. Thrale, who died on Wednesday the 4th. and with him were buried many of my hopes and pleasures. About five, I think, on Wednesday morning he expired. I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face, that for fifteen years before, had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity. Farewel ! may God, that delighteth in mercy, have *had* mercy on thee ! I had constantly prayed for him before his death. The decease of him, from whose friendship I had obtained many opportunities of amusement, and to whom I turned my thoughts as to a refuge from misfortunes, has left me heavy. But my business is with myself." From the close of his last work, the malady that persecuted him through life came upon him with alarming severity, and his constitution declined apace. In 1782, his old friend, *Levet*, expired without warning, and without a groan. Events like these reminded Johnson of his own mortality. He continued his visits to Mrs. Thrale at Streatham, to the 7th. day of October, 1782.

when having first composed a prayer for the happiness of a family with whom he had for many years enjoyed the pleasures and comforts of life, he removed to his own house in town. He says he was up early in the morning, and read fortuitously in the gospel, *which was his parting use of the library.* The merit of the family is manifested by the sense he had of it, and we see his heart overflowing with gratitude. He leaves the place with regret, and *casts a lingering look behind.*

The few remaining occurrences may be soon despatched. In the month of June, 1783, Johnson had a paralytic stroke, which affected his speech only. He wrote to Dr. Taylor of Westminster; and to his friend Mr. Allen, the printer, who lived at the next door. Dr. Brocklesby arrived in a short time, and by his care, and that of Dr. Heberden, Johnson soon recovered. During his illness the writer of this narrative visited him, and found him reading Dr. Watson's Chymistry. Articulating with difficulty, he said, "From this book, he who knows nothing may learn a great deal; and he who knows, will be pleased to find his knowledge recalled to his mind in a manner highly pleasing." In the month of August he set out for Lichfield, on a visit to Mrs. Lucy Porter, the daughter of his wife by her first husband; and in his way back paid his respects to Dr. Adams at Oxford. Mrs. Williams died at his house in Bolt Court, in the month of September, during his absence. This was another shock to a mind like his, ever agitated by the thoughts of futurity. The contemplation of his own approaching end was constantly before his eyes; and the prospect of death, he declared, was terrible. For many years,

when he was not disposed to enter into the conversation going forward, whoever sat near his chair, might hear him repeating, from Shakspeare,

> Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods.....

And from Milton,

> Who would lose,
> For fear of pain, this intellectual being?

By the death of Mrs. Williams he was left in a state of destitution, with nobody but Frank, his black servant, to sooth his anxious moments. In November, 1783, he was swelled from head to foot with a dropsy. Dr. Brocklesby, with that benevolence with which he always assists his friends, paid his visits with assiduity. The medicines prescribed were so efficacious, that in a few days, Johnson, while he was offering up his prayers, was suddenly obliged to rise, and, in the course of the day, discharged twenty pints of water.

Johnson, being eased of his dropsy, began to entertain hopes that the vigor of his constitution was not entirely broken. For the sake of conversing with his friends, he established a conversation club, to meet on every Wednesday evening; and, to serve a man whom he had known in Mr. Thrale's household for many years, the place was fixed at his house in Essex Street, near the Temple. To answer the malignant remarks of Sir John Hawkins on this subject, were a wretched waste of time.

Professing to be Johnson's friend, that biographer has raised more objections to his character, than all the enemies of that excellent man. Sir John had a root of bitterness that *put rancours in the vessel of his peace.* Fielding, he says, was the inventor of a cant phrase, *goodness of heart, which means little more than the virtue of a horse or a dog.* He should have known that kind affections are the essence of virtue ; they are the will of God implanted in our nature, to aid and strengthen moral obligation ; they incite to action ; a sense of benevolence is no less necessary than a sense of duty. Good affections are an ornament not only to an author but to his writings. He who shews himself upon a cold scent for opportunities to bark and snarl throughout a volume of six hundred pages, may, if he will, pretend to moralize ; but Goodness of Heart, or, to use that politer phrase, the *virtue of a horse or a dog*, would redound more to his honour. But Sir John is no more ; our business is with Johnson. The members of his club were respectable for their rank, their talents, and their literature. They attended with punctuality till about midsummer, 1784, when, with some appearance of health, Johnson went into Derbyshire, and thence to Lichfield. While he was in that part of the world, his friends in town were labouring for his benefit. The air of a more southern climate they thought might prolong a valuable life. But a pension of three hundred pounds a year was a slender fund for a travelling valetudinarian, and it was not then known that he had saved a moderate sum of money. Mr. Boswell and Sir Joshua Reynolds undertook to solicit the patronage of the chan-

cellor. With Lord Thurlow, while he was at the bar, Johnson was well acquainted. He was often heard to say, "Thurlow is a man of such vigor of mind, that I never knew I was to meet him, but, I was going to say, I was afraid, but that would not be true, for I never was afraid of any man ; but I never knew that I was to meet Thurlow, but I knew I had something to encounter." The chancellor undertook to recommend Johnson's case ; but without success. To protract if possible the days of a man, whom he respected, he offered to advance the sum of five hundred pounds. Being informed of this at Lichfield, Johnson wrote the following letter.

"My Lord,

"After a long and not inattentive observation of mankind, the generosity of your lordship's offer raises in me not less wonder than gratitude. Bounty, so liberally bestowed, I should gladly receive if my condition made it necessary ; for to such a mind who would not be proud to own his obligations ? But it has pleased God to restore me to so great a measure of health, that, if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians ; and I was very desirous that your lordship should be told it by Sir Joshua Reynolds as an event very uncertain ; for, if I grew much better, I should not be willing ; if much worse, I should not be able to migrate. Your lordship was first solicited without my knowledge ; but when I was told that you were pleased

to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet, as I have had no long time to brood hopes, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and from your lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit.

"I am, my lord,
"Your lordship's most obliged,
"Most grateful,
"And most humble servant.
"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

"September, 1784."

We have in this instance the exertion of two congenial minds; one, with a generous impulse relieving merit in distress; and the other, by gratitude and dignity of sentiment rising to an equal elevation.

It seems, however, that greatness of mind is not confined to greatness of rank. Dr. Brocklesby was not content to assist with his medical art; he resolved to *minister* to his patient's *mind*, and *pluck from his memory the sorrow* which the late refusal from a high quarter might occasion. To enable him to visit the south of France in pursuit of health, he offered from his own funds an annuity of one hundred pounds, payable quarterly. This was a *sweet oblivious antidote*, but it was not accepted for the reasons assigned to the chancellor. The proposal, however, will do honour to Dr. Brocklesby, as long as liberal sentiment shall be ranked among the social virtues.

In the month of October, 1784, we find Dr. Johnson corresponding with Mr. Nichols, the intelligent compiler of the Gentleman's Magazine, and, in the languor of sickness, still desirous to contribute all in his power to the advancement of science and useful knowledge. He says, in a letter to that gentleman, dated Lichfield, October 20, that he should be glad to give so skilful a lover of antiquities any information. He adds, "at Ashburne, where I had very little company, I had the luck to borrow Mr. Boyer's Life, a book so full of contemporary history, that a literary man must find some of his old friends. I thought that I could now and then have told you some hints worth your notice. We perhaps may talk a life over. I hope we shall be much together. You must now be to me what you were before, and what dear Mr. Allen was besides. He was taken unexpectedly away, but I think he was a very good man. I have made very little progress in recovery. I am very weak, and very sleepless; but I live on and hope."

In that languid condition he arrived, on the 16th. of November, at his house in Bolt Court, there to end his days. He laboured with the dropsy and an asthma. He was attended by Dr. Heberden, Dr. Warren, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butter, and Mr. Cruikshank, the eminent surgeon. Eternity presented to his mind an awful prospect, and, with as much virtue as perhaps ever is the lot of man, he shuddered at the thought of his dissolution. His friends awakened the comfortable reflection of a well spent life; and, as his end drew near, they had the satisfaction of seeing him composed, and even cheerful, insomuch that he was able, in the course of his restless

nights, to make translations of Greek epigrams from the Anthologia; and to compose a Latin epitaph for his father, his mother, and his brother Nathaniel. He meditated, at the same time, a Latin inscription to the memory of Garrick; but his vigor was exhausted.

His love of literature was a passion that stuck to his last sand. Seven days before his death he wrote the following letter to his friend Mr. Nichols;

"SIR,

"The late learned Mr. Swinton of Oxford having one day remarked that one man, meaning, I suppose, no man but himself, could assign all the parts of the Ancient Universal History to their proper authors, at the request of Sir Robert Chambers, or myself, gave the account which I now transmit to you in his own hand, being willing that of so great a work the history should be known, and that each writer should receive his due proportion of praise from posterity.

"I recommend to you to preserve this scrap of literary intelligence in Mr. Swinton's own hand, or to deposit it in the Museum,* that the veracity of this account may never be doubted.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"*Dec.* 6. 1784." "SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. Swinton.

The History of the Carthaginians.

——————— Numidians.

——————— Mauritanians.

* It is there deposited. J. N.

The History of the Gætulians.
——————— Garamantes.
——————— Melano Gætulians.
——————— Nigritæ.
——————— Cyrenaica.
——————— Marmarica.
——————— Regio Syrtica.
——————— Turks, Tartars, and Moguls.
——————— Indians.
——————— Chinese.
——————— Dissertation on the peopling of America.

The History of the Dissertation on the Independency of the Arabs.

The Cosmogony, and a small part of the history immediately following. By M. Sale.

To the birth of Abraham. Chiefly by Mr. Shelvock.

History of the Jews, Gauls, and Spaniards. By Mr. Psalmanazar.

Xenophon's retreat. By the same.

History of the Persians, and the Constantinopolitan empire. By Dr. Campbell.

History of the Romans. By Mr. Bower.*

* Before this authentic communication, Mr. Nichols had given in the volume of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1781, p. 370, the following account of the Universal History. The proposals were published October 6, 1729; and the authors of the first seven volumes were,

Vol. I. Mr. Sale, translator of the Koran.
II. George Psalmanazar.
III. George Psalmanazar.

On the morning of Dec. 7, Dr. Johnson requested to see Mr. Nichols. A few days before, he had borrowed some of the early volumes of the Magazine, with a professed intention to point out the pieces which he had written in that collection. The books lay on the table, with many leaves doubled down, and in particular those which contained his share in the Parliamentary Debates. Such was the goodness of Johnson's heart, that he then declared, that "those debates were the only parts of his writings which gave him any compunction; but that at the time he wrote them he had no conception that he was imposing upon the world, though they were frequently written from very slender materials, and often from none at all, the mere coinage of his own imagination." He added, "that he never wrote any part of his work with equal velocity. Three columns of the Magazine in an hour," he said, "was no uncommon effort; which was faster than most persons could have transcribed that quantity. In one day in particular, and that not a very long one, he wrote twelve pages, more in quantity than ever he wrote at any other time, except in the Life of Savage, of which forty eight pages in octavo were the production of one long day, including a part of the night."

Vol. III. Archibald Bower.
Captain Shelvock.
Dr. Campbell.
IV. The same as Vol. III.
V. Mr. Bower.
VI. Mr. Bower.
Rev. John Swinton.
VII. Mr. Swinton.
Mr. Bower.

In the course of the conversation he asked, whether any of the family of Faden, the printer, were living. Being told that the geographer near Charing Cross was Faden's son, he said, after a short pause, "I borrowed a guinea of his father near thirty years ago; be so good as to take this, and pay it for me."

Wishing to discharge every duty, and every obligation, Johnson recollected another debt of ten pounds, which he had borrowed from his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer, about twenty years before. He sent the money to Mr. Hamilton, at his house in Bedford Row, with an apology for the length of time. The Rev. Mr. Strahan was the bearer of the message, about four or five days before Johnson breathed his last.

Mr. Sastres, whom Dr. Johnson esteemed and mentioned in his will, entered the room during his illness. Dr. Johnson, as soon as he saw him, stretched forth his hand, and, in a tone of lamentation, called out, JAM MORITURUS! But the love of life was still an active principle. Feeling himself swelled with the dropsy, he conceived that, by incisions in his legs, the water might be discharged. Mr. Cruikshank apprehended that a mortification might be the consequence; but, to appease a distempered fancy, he gently lanced the surface. Johnson cried out, "Deeper, deeper! I want length of life, and you are afraid of giving me pain, which I do not value."

On the 8th. of December, the Rev. Mr. Strahan drew his will, by which, after a few legacies, the residue, amounting to about fifteen hundred pounds, was be-

queathed to Frank, the black servant, formerly consigned to the testator by his friend Dr. Bathurst.

The history of a deathbed is painful. Mr. Strahan informs us, that the strength of religion prevailed against the infirmity of nature; and his foreboding dread of the Divine Justice subsided into a pious trust and humble hope of mercy at the Throne of Grace. On Monday, the 13th. day of December, the last of his existence on this side the grave, the desire of life returned with all its former vehemence. He still imagined, that, by puncturing his legs, relief might be obtained. At eight in the morning he tried the experiment, but no water followed. In an hour or two after, he fell into a doze, and about seven in the evening expired without a groan.

On the 20th. of the month his remains, with due solemnities, and a numerous attendance of his friends, were buried in Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and close to the grave of the late Mr. Garrick. The funeral service was read by his friend Dr. Taylor.

A black marble over his grave has the following inscription;

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.
obiit XIII die Decembris,
Anno Domini
MDCCLXXXIV.
Ætatis suæ LXXV.

If we now look back, as from an eminence, to view the scenes of life, and the literary labours in which Dr. Johnson was engaged, we may be able to delineate the

features of the man, and to form an estimate of his genius.

As a man, Dr. Johnson stands displayed in open daylight. Nothing remains undiscovered. Whatever he said is known; and without allowing him the usual privilege of hazarding sentiments, and advancing positions, for mere amusement, or the pleasure of discussion, criticism has endeavoured to make him answerable for what, perhaps, he never seriously thought. His diary, which has been printed, discovers still more. We have before us the very heart of the man, with all his inward consciousness. And yet neither in the open paths of life, nor in his secret recesses, has any one vice been discovered. We see him reviewing every year of his life, and severely censuring himself, for not keeping resolutions, which morbid melancholy, and other bodily infirmities, rendered impracticable. We see him for every little defect imposing on himself voluntary penance, going through the day with only one cup of tea without milk, and to the last, amidst paroxysms and remissions of illness, forming plans of study and resolutions to amend his life.* Many of his scruples may be called weaknesses; but they are the weaknesses of a good, a pious, and most excellent man.

His person, it is well known, was large and unwieldy. His nerves were affected by that disorder, for which, at two years of age, he was presented to the royal touch. His head shook, and involuntary motions made it uncertain that his legs and arms would, even at a tea table, remain in their proper place. A person of Lord Chester-

* On the subject of voluntary penance see the Rambler, No. CX.

field's delicacy might in his company be in a fever. He would sometimes of his own accord do things inconsistent with the established modes of behaviour. Sitting at table with the celebrated Mrs. Cholmondeley, who exerted herself to circulate the subscription for Shakspeare, he took hold of her hand in the middle of dinner, and held it close to his eye, wondering at the delicacy and whiteness, till with a smile she asked, *Will he give it to me again when he has done with it?* The exteriors of politeness did not belong to Johnson. Even that civility which proceeds, or ought to proceed, from the mind, was sometimes violated. His morbid melancholy had an effect on his temper; his passions were irritable; and the pride of science, as well as of a fierce independent spirit, inflamed him on some occasions above all bounds of moderation. Though not in the shade of academic bowers, he led a scholastic life; and the habit of pronouncing decisions to his friends and visitors gave him a dictatorial manner, which was much enforced by a voice naturally loud, and often overstretched. Metaphysical discussion, moral theory, systems of religion, and anecdotes of literature, were his favourite topics. General history had little of his regard. Biography was his delight. *The proper study of mankind is man.* Sooner than hear of the Punic war, he would be rude to the person that introduced the subject.

Johnson was born a logician; one of those, to whom only books of logic are said to be of use. In consequence of his skill in that art, he loved argumentation. No man thought more profoundly, nor with such acute discernment. A fallacy could not stand before him; it

was sure to be refuted by strength of reasoning, and a precision both in idea and expression almost unequalled. When he chose by apt illustration to place the argument of his adversary in a ludicrous light, one was almost inclined to think *ridicule the test of truth*. He was surprised to be told, but it is certainly true, that with great powers of mind, wit and humour were his shining talents. That he often argued for the sake of a triumph over his adversary, cannot be dissembled. Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, has been heard to tell of a friend of his, who thanked him for introducing him to Dr. Johnson, as he had been convinced, in the course of a long dispute, that an opinion, which he had embraced as a settled truth, was no better than a vulgar error. This being reported to Johnson, "Nay," said he, "do not let him be thankful, for he was right, and I was wrong." Like his uncle Andrew, in the ring at Smithfield, Johnson, in a circle of disputants, was determined *neither to be thrown nor conquered*. Notwithstanding all his piety, self government, or the command of his passions in conversation, does not seem to have been among his attainments. Whenever he thought the contention was for the superiority, he has been known to break out with violence, and even ferocity. When the fray was over, he generally softened into repentance, and, by conciliating measures, took care that no animosity should be left rankling in the breast of his antagonist. Of this defect he seems to have been conscious. In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, he says, "Poor Baretti! do not quarrel with him; to neglect him a little will be sufficient. He means only to be frank and manly, and independent, and,

perhaps as you say, a little wise. To be frank, he thinks, is to be cynical; and to be independent, is to be rude. Forgive him, dearest lady, the rather, because of his misbehaviour I am afraid he learned part of me. I hope to set him hereafter a better example." For his own intolerant and overbearing spirit he apologized by observing, that it had done some good; obscenity and impiety were repressed in his company.

It was late in life before he had the habit of mixing, otherwise than occasionally, with polite company. At Mr. Thrale's he saw a constant succession of well accomplished visitors. In that society he began to wear off the rugged points of his own character. He saw the advantages of mutual civility, and endeavoured to profit by the models before him. He aimed at what has been called by Swift the *lesser morals*, and by Cicero *minores virtutes*. His endeavour, though new and late, gave pleasure to all his acquaintance. Men were glad to see that he was willing to be communicative on equal terms and reciprocal complaisance. The time was then expected when he was to cease being what George Garrick, brother to the celebrated actor, called him the first time he heard him converse, "A TREMENDOUS COMPANION." He certainly wished to be polite, and even thought himself so; but his civility still retained something uncouth and harsh. His manners took a milder tone, but the endeavour was too palpably seen. He laboured even in trifles. He was a giant gaining a *purchase* to lift a feather.

It is observed by the younger Pliny, that in the confines of virtue and great qualities there are generally vices of an opposite nature. In Dr. Johnson not one in-

gredient can take the name of vice. From his attainments in literature grew the pride of knowledge ; and from his powers of reasoning, the love of disputation and the vain glory of superior vigor. His piety, in some instances, bordered on superstition. He was willing to believe in preternatural agency, and thought it not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men. Even the question about second sight held him in suspense. "Second sight," Mr. Pennant tells us, "is a power of seeing images impressed on the organs of sight by the power of fancy, or on the fancy by the disordered spirits operating on the mind. It is the faculty of seeing spectres or visions, which represent an event actually passing at a distance, or likely to happen at a future day. In 1771, a gentleman, the last who was supposed to be possessed of this faculty, had a boat at sea in a tempestuous night, and, being anxious for his freight, suddenly started up, and said his men would be drowned, for he had seen them pass before him with wet garments and dropping locks. The event corresponded with his disordered fancy. And thus," continues Mr. Pennant, " a distempered imagination, clouded with anxiety, may make an impression on the spirits ; as persons, restless and troubled with indignation, see various forms and figures while they lie awake in bed." This is what Dr. Johnson was not willing to reject. He wished for some positive proof of communications with another world. His benevolence embraced the whole race of man, and yet was tinctured with particular prejudices. He was pleased with the minister in the Isle of Sky, and loved him so much that he began to wish him not a presbyte-

rian. To that body of dissenters his zeal for the established church made him in some degree an adversary; and his attachment to a mixed and limited monarchy led him to declare open war against what he called a sullen republican. He would rather praise a man of Oxford than of Cambridge. He disliked a whig, and loved a tory. These were the shades of his character, which it has been the business of certain party writers to represent in the darkest colours.

Since virtue, or moral goodness, consists in a just conformity of our actions to the relations in which we stand to the Supreme Being and to our fellow creatures, where shall we find a man who has been, or endeavoured to be, more diligent in the discharge of those essential duties? His first prayer was composed in 1738; he continued those fervent ejaculations of piety to the end of his life. In his meditations we see him scrutinizing himself with severity, and aiming at perfection unattainable by man. His duty to his neighbour consisted in universal benevolence, and a constant aim at the production of happiness. Who was more sincere and steady in his friendships? It has been said that there was no real affection between him and Garrick. On the part of the latter, there might be some corrosions of jealousy. The character of PROSPERO, in the Rambler, No. 200, was, beyond all question, occasioned by Garrick's ostentatious display of furniture and Dresden china. It was surely fair to take from this incident a hint for a moral essay; and, though no more was intended, Garrick, we are told, remembered it with uneasiness. He was also hurt that his Lichfield friend did not think so highly of his dramatic art as the rest

of the world. The fact was, Johnson could not see the passions as they rose and chased one another in the varied features of that expressive face; and by his own manner of reciting verses, which was wonderfully impressive, he plainly shewed that he thought there was too much of artificial tone and measured cadence in the declamation of the theatre. The present writer well remembers being in conversation with Dr. Johnson near the side of the scenes during the tragedy of King Lear; when Garrick came off the stage, he said, "You two talk so loud you destroy all my feelings." "Prithee," replied Johnson, "do not talk of feelings, Punch has no feelings." This seems to have been his settled opinion; admirable as Garrick's imitation of nature always was, Johnson thought it no better than mere mimicry. Yet it is certain that he esteemed and loved Garrick; that he dwelt with pleasure on his praise; and used to declare, that he deserved his great success, because on all applications for charity he gave more than was asked. After Garrick's death he never talked of him without a tear in his eyes. He offered, if Mrs. Garrick would desire it of him, to be the editor of his works and the historian of his life.* It has been mentioned, that on his deathbed he thought of writing a Latin inscription to the memory of his friend. Numbers are still living who know these facts, and still remember with gratitude the friendship which he shewed to them with unaltered affection for a num-

* It is to be regretted that he was not encouraged in this undertaking. The assistance, however, which he gave to Davies, in writing the Life of Garrick, has been acknowledged in general terms by that writer, and, from the evidence of style, appears to have been very considerable. C.

ber of years. His humanity and generosity, in proportion to his slender income, were unbounded. It has been truly said, that the lame, the blind, and the sorrowful, found his house a sure retreat. A strict adherance to truth he considered as a sacred obligation, insomuch that, in relating the most minute anecdote, he would not allow himself the smallest addition to embellish his story. The late Mr. Tyers, who knew Dr. Johnson intimately, observed, " that he always talked as if he was talking upon oath."

After a long acquaintance with this excellent man, and an attentive retrospect to his whole conduct, such is the light in which he appears to the writer of this essay. The following lines of Horace may be deemed his picture in miniature.

Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum, videri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret ; at est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam ; at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.

" Your friend is passionate, perhaps unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit.
His hair ill cut, his robe that awkward flows,
Or his large shoes, to raillery expose
The man you love ; yet is he not possess'd
Of virtues, with which very few are blest ?
While underneath this rude, uncouth disguise
A genius of extensive knowledge lies."

FRANCIS'S HOR. Book i. Sat. 3.

It remains to give a review of Johnson's works ; and this, it is imagined, will not be unwelcome to the reader.

Like Milton and Addison, he seems to have been fond of his Latin poetry. Those compositions shew that he was an early scholar; but his verses have not the graceful ease that gave so much suavity to the poems of Addison. The translation of the Messiah labours under two disadvantages; it is first compared with Pope's inimitable performance, and afterwards with the Pollio of Virgil. It may appear trifling to remark, that he has made the letter *o*, in the word *Virgo*, long and short in the same line; VIRGO, VIRGO PARIT. But the translation has great merit, and some admirable lines. In the odes there is a sweet flexibility, particularly, to his worthy friend Dr. Laurence; on himself at the theatre, March 8, 1771; the Ode in the Isle of Sky; and that to Mrs. Thrale from the same place.

His English poetry is such as leaves room to think, if he had devoted himself to the muses, that he would have been the rival of Pope. His first production in this kind was LONDON, a poem in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. The vices of the metropolis are placed in the room of ancient manners. The author had heated his mind with the ardour of Juvenal, and, having the skill to polish his numbers, he became a sharp accuser of the times. The VANITY of HUMAN WISHES is an imitation of the tenth satire of the same author. Though it is translated by Dryden, Johnson's imitation approaches nearest to the spirit of the original. The subject is taken from the ALCIBIADES of PLATO, and has an intermixture of the sentiments of SOCRATES concerning the object of prayers, offered up to the Deity. The general proposition is, that good and evil are so little understood by

mankind, that their wishes when granted are always destructive. This is exemplified in a variety of instances, such as riches, state preferment, eloquence, military glory, long life, and the advantages of form and beauty. Juvenal's conclusion is worthy of a christian poet, and such a pen as Johnson's. "Let us," he says, "leave it to the gods to judge what is fittest for us. Man is dearer to his Creator than to himself. If we must pray for special favour, let it be for a sound mind in a sound body. Let us pray for fortitude, that we may think the labours of Hercules and all his sufferings preferable to a life of luxury and the soft repose of SARDANAPALUS. This is a blessing within the reach of every man; this we can give ourselves. It is virtue, and virtue only, that can make us happy." In the translation the zeal of the christian conspired with the warmth and energy of the poet; but Juvenal is not eclipsed. For the various characters in the original the reader is pleased, in the English poem, to meet with Cardinal Wolsey, Buckingham stabbed by Felton, Lord Strafford, Clarendon, Charles XII. of Sweden; and for Tully and Demosthenes, Lydiat, Galileo, and Archbishop Laud. It is owing to Johnson's delight in biography that the name of LYDIAT is called forth from obscurity. It may, therefore, not be useless to tell, that LYDIAT was a learned divine and mathematician in the beginning of the last century. He attacked the doctrine of Aristotle and Scaliger, and wrote a number of sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. With all his merit, he lay in the prison of *Bocardo* at Oxford, till Bishop Usher, Laud, and others, paid his debts. He petitioned Charles I. to be

sent to Ethiopia to procure manuscripts. Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the Puritans, and twice carried away a prisoner from his rectory. He died very poor in 1646.

The tragedy of IRENE is founded on a passage in KNOLLES's History of the Turks ; an author highly commended in the Rambler, N°. 122. An incident in the life of Mahomet the Great, first emperor of the Turks, is the hinge on which the fable is made to move. The substance of the story is shortly this. In 1453 Mahomet laid siege to Constantinople, and having reduced the place, became enamoured of a fair Greek, whose name was IRENE. The sultan invited her to embrace the law of the prophet, and to grace his throne. Enraged at this intended marriage, the Janizaries formed a conspiracy to dethrone the emperor. To avert the impending danger, Mahomet, in a full assembly of the grandees, "Catching with one hand," as KNOLLES relates it, "the fair Greek by the hair of her head, and drawing his falchion with the other, he, at one blow, struck off her head, to the great terror of them all ; and, having so done, said unto them, now, by this, judge whether your emperor is able to bridle his affections or not." The story is simple, and it remained for the author to amplify it with proper episodes, and give it complication and variety. The catastrophe is changed, and horror gives place to terror and piety. But, after all, the fable is cold and languid. There is not, throughout the piece, a single situation to excite curiosity, and raise a conflict of passions. The diction is nervous, rich, and elegant; but splendid language, and melodious numbers,

will make a fine poem, not a tragedy. The sentiments are beautiful, always happily expressed, but seldom appropriated to the character, and generally too philosophic. What Johnson has said of the tragedy of *Cato* may be applied to Irene; "It is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama; rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affection. Nothing excites or assuages emotion. The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care; we consider not what they are doing, nor what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. It is unaffecting elegance, and chill philosophy." The following speech, in the mouth of a Turk, who is supposed to have heard of the British constitution, has been often selected from the numberless beauties with which IRENE abounds;

> "If there be any land, as fame reports,
> Where common laws restrain the prince and subject;
> A happy land, where circulating power
> Flows through each member of th' embodied state;
> Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
> Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
> Untainted with the LUST OF INNOVATION;
> Sure all unite to hold her league of rule,
> Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
> That links the jarring elements in peace."

These are British sentiments. Above forty years ago they found an echo in the breast of applauding audiences; and to this hour they are the voice of the people, in defiance of the *metaphysics* and the *new lights* of certain politicians, who would gladly find their private

advantage in the disasters of their country ; a race of men, *quibus nulla ex honesto spes.*

The prologue to Irene is written with elegance, and, in a peculiar strain, shews the literary pride and lofty spirit of the author. The epilogue, we are told in a late publication, was written by Sir William Young. This is a new discovery, but by no means probable. When the appendages to a dramatic performance are not assigned to a friend, or an unknown hand, or a person of fashion, they are always supposed to be written by the author of the play. It is to be wished, however, that the epilogue in question could be transferred to any other writer. It is the worst *Jeu d' Esprit* that ever fell from Johnson's pen.*

An account of the various pieces contained in this edition, such as miscellaneous tracts, and philological dissertations, would lead beyond the intended limits of this essay. It will suffice to say, that they are the productions of a man who never wanted decorations of language, and always taught his reader to think. The life of the late king of Prussia, as far as it extends, is a model of the biographical style. The Review of THE ORIGIN OF EVIL was, perhaps, written with asperity ; but the angry epitaph, which it provoked from SOAME JENYNS, was an ill timed resentment, unworthy of the genius of that amiable author.

* Dr. Johnson informed Mr. Boswell that this epilogue was written by Sir William Young. See Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 169—70. 8vo. edit. 1804. The internal evidence that it is not Johnson's is very strong, particularly in the line, "But how the devil," &c. C.

The Rambler may be considered as Johnson's great work. It was the basis of that high reputation which went on increasing to the end of his days. The circulation of those periodical essays was not, at first, equal to their merit. They had not, like the Spectators, the art of charming by variety; and indeed how could it be expected? The wits of queen Anne's reign sent their contributions to the Spectator; and Johnson stood alone. A stage coach, says Sir Richard Steele, must go forward on stated days, whether there are passengers or not. So it was with the Rambler, every Tuesday and Saturday, for two years. In this collection Johnson is the great moral teacher of his countrymen; his essays form a body of ethics; the observations on life and manners are acute and instructive; and the papers professedly critical, serve to promote the cause of literature. It must, however, be acknowledged, that a settled gloom hangs over the author's mind; and all the essays, except eight or ten, coming from the same fountain head, no wonder that they have the raciness of the soil from which they sprang. Of this uniformity Johnson was sensible. He used to say, that if he had joined a friend or two, who would have been able to intermix papers of a sprightly turn, the collection would have been more miscellaneous, and by consequence more agreeable to the generality of readers. This he used to illustrate by repeating two beautiful stanzas from his own ode to Cave, or *Sylvanus Urban*;

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

Textente nymphis serta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
Immista, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

It is remarkable, that the pomp of diction, which has been objected to Johnson, was first assumed in the Rambler. His Dictionary was going on at the same time, and, in the course of that work, as he grew familiar with technical and scholastic words, he thought that the bulk of his readers were equally learned; or at least would admire the splendour and dignity of the style. And yet it is well known, that he praised in Cowley the ease and unaffected structure of the sentences. Cowley may be placed at the head of those who cultivated a clear and natural style. Dryden, Tillotson, and Sir William Temple, followed. Addison, Swift, and Pope, with more correctness, carried our language well nigh to perfection. Of Addison, Johnson was used to say, *He is the Raphael of essay writers.* How he differed so widely from such elegant models is a problem not to be solved, unless it be true that he took an early tincture from the writers of the last century, particularly Sir Thomas Browne. Hence the peculiarities of his style, new combinations, sentences of an unusual structure, and words derived from the learned languages. His own account of the matter is, "When common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I familiarized the terms of philosophy, by applying them to popular ideas." But he forgot the observation of Dryden; *If too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed, not to assist the natives, but to*

conquer them. There is, it must be admitted, a swell of language, often out of all proportion to the sentiment; but there is, in general, a fulness of mind, and the thought seems to expand with the sound of the words. Determined to discard colloquial barbarisms and licentious idioms, he forgot the elegant simplicity that distinguishes the writings of Addison. He had what Locke calls a round about view of his subject; and, though he never was tainted, like many modern wits, with the ambition of shining in paradox, he may be fairly called an ORIGINAL THINKER. His reading was extensive. He treasured in his mind whatever was worthy of notice, but he added to it from his own meditation. He collected, *quæ reconderet, auctaque promeret.* Addison was not so profound a thinker. He was *born to write, converse, and live with ease;* and he found an early patron in Lord Somers. He depended, however, more upon a fine taste than the vigor of his mind. His Latin poetry shews, that he relished, with a just selection, all the refined and delicate beauties of the Roman classics; and, when he cultivated his native language, no wonder that he formed that graceful style, which has been so justly admired; simple, yet elegant; adorned, yet never overwrought; rich in allusion, yet pure and perspicuous; correct, without labour; and though sometimes deficient in strength, yet always musical. His essays, in general, are on the surface of life; if ever original, it was in pieces of humour. Sir Roger de Coverly, and the Tory Fox hunter, need not to be mentioned. Johnson had a fund of humour, but he did not know it; nor was he willing to descend to the familiar idiom, and the variety of diction

which that mode of composition required. The letter, in the Rambler, N°. 12, from a young girl that wants a place, will illustrate this observation. Addison possessed an unclouded imagination, alive to the first objects of nature and of art. He reaches the sublime without any apparent effort. When he tells us, "If we consider the fixed stars as so many oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different set of planets; if we still discover new firmaments and new lights that are sunk further in those unfathomable depths of ether; we are lost in a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the magnificence and immensity of nature;" the ease, with which this passage rises to unaffected grandeur, is the secret charm that captivates the reader. Johnson is always lofty; he seems, to use Dryden's phrase, to be o'erinform'd with meaning, and his words do not appear to himself adequate to his conception. He moves in state, and his periods are always harmonious. His Oriental Tales are in the true style of eastern magnificence, and yet none of them are so much admired as the Visions of Mirza. In matters of criticism, Johnson is never the echo of preceding writers. He thinks and decides for himself. If we except the Essays on the Pleasures of Imagination, Addison cannot be called a philosophical critic. His moral Essays are beautiful; but in that province nothing can exceed the Rambler, though Johnson used to say, that the Essay on *The burthens of mankind*, in the Spectator, N°. 558, was the most exquisite he had ever read. Talking of himself, Johnson said, "Topham Beauclerk has wit, and every thing comes from him with ease; but when I say a

good thing, I seem to labour." When we compare him with Addison, the contrast is still stronger. Addison lends grace and ornament to truth; Johnson gives it force and energy. Addison makes virtue amiable; Johnson represents it as an awful duty. Addison insinuates himself with an air of modesty; Johnson commands like a dictator; but a dictator in his splendid robes, not labouring at the plough. Addison is the Jupiter of Virgil, with placid serenity talking to Venus;

"Vultu, quo cœlum tempestatesque serenat."

Johnson is JUPITER TONANS; he darts his lightning, and rolls his thunder, in the cause of virtue and piety. The language seems to fall short of his ideas; he pours along, familiarizing the terms of philosophy, with bold inversions, and sonorous periods; but we may apply to him what Pope has said of Homer; "It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it; like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense."

It is not the design of this comparison to decide between these two eminent writers. In matters of taste every reader will choose for himself. Johnson is always profound, and of course gives the fatigue of thinking. Addison charms while he instructs; and writing, as he always does, a pure, an elegant, and idiomatic style, he may be pronounced the safest model for imitation.

The essays written by Johnson in the Adventurer may be called a continuation of the Rambler. The IDLER,

in order to be consistent with the assumed character, is written with abated vigor, in a style of ease and unlaboured elegance. It is the Odyssey after the Iliad. Intense thinking would not become the IDLER. The first number presents a well drawn portrait of an Idler, and from that character no deviation could be made. Accordingly, Johnson forgets his austere manner, and plays us into sense. He still continues his lectures on human life, but he adverts to common occurrences, and is often content with the topic of the day. An advertisement in the beginning of the first volume informs us, that twelve entire essays were a contribution from different hands. One of these, N°. 33, is the journal of a senior fellow at Cambridge, but, as Johnson, being himself an original thinker, always revolted from servile imitation, he has printed the piece, with an apology, importing that the journal of a citizen in the *Spectator* almost precluded the attempt of any subsequent writer. This account of the Idler may be closed, after observing, that the author's mother being buried on the 23d. of January, 1759, there is an admirable paper occasioned by that event, on Saturday the 27th. of the same month, N°. 41. The reader, if he pleases, may compare it with another fine paper in the Rambler, N°. 54, on the conviction that rushes on the mind at the bed of a dying friend.

" Rasselas," says Sir John Hawkins, " is a specimen of our language scarcely to be paralleled ; it is written in a style refined to a degree of *immaculate purity*, and displays the whole force of *turgid* eloquence." One cannot but smile at this encomium. Rasselas is undoubtedly

both elegant and sublime. It is a view of human life, displayed, it must be owned, in gloomy colours. The author's natural melancholy, depressed, at the time, by the approaching dissolution of his mother, darkened the picture. A tale, that should keep curiosity awake by the artifice of unexpected incidents, was not the design of a mind pregnant with better things. He, who reads the heads of the chapters, will find, that it is not a course of adventures that invites him forward, but a discussion of interesting questions; Reflections on Human Life; the History of *Imlac*, the Man of Learning; a Dissertation upon Poetry; the Character of a wise and happy Man, who discourses with energy on the government of the passions, and on a sudden, when death deprives him of his daughter, forgets all his maxims of wisdom and the eloquence that adorned them, yielding to the stroke of affliction with all the vehemence of the bitterest anguish. It is by pictures of life, and profound moral reflection that expectation is engaged and gratified throughout the work. The History of the Mad Astronomer, who imagines that, for five years, he possessed the regulation of the weather, and that the sun passed from tropic to tropic by his direction, represents in striking colours the sad effects of a distempered imagination. It becomes the more affecting when we recollect that it proceeds from one who lived in fear of the same dreadful visitation; from one who says emphatically, "Of the uncertainties in our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason." The inquiry into the cause of madness, and the dangerous prevalence of imagination, till, in time, some particular train of ideas

fixes the attention, and the mind recurs constantly to the favourite conception, is carried on in a strain of acute observation; but it leaves us room to think that the author was transcribing from his own apprehensions. The discourse on the nature of the soul gives us all that philosophy knows, not without a tincture of superstition. It is remarkable that the vanity of human pursuits was, about the same time, the subject that employed both Johnson and Voltaire; but *Candide* is the work of a lively imagination, and Rasselas, with all its splendour of eloquence, exhibits a gloomy picture. It should, however, be remembered, that the world has known the WEEPING as well as the LAUGHING philosopher.

The Dictionary does not properly fall within the province of this essay. The preface, however, will be found in this edition. He who reads the close of it, without acknowledging the force of the pathetic and sublime, must have more insensibility in his composition than usually falls to the share of a man. The work itself, though in some instances abuse has been loud, and in others malice has endeavoured to undermine its fame, still remains the MOUNT ATLAS of English Literature.

> Though storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
> And oceans break their billows at its feet,
> It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.

That Johnson was eminently qualified for the office of a commentator on Shakspeare, no man can doubt; but it was an office which he never cordially embraced. The public expected more than he had diligence to perform; and yet his edition has been the ground on which every subse-

quent commentator has chosen to build. One note for its singularity, may be thought worthy of notice in this place. Hamlet says, *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion.* In this Warburton discovered the *origin of evil.* Hamlet, he says, breaks off in the middle of the sentence ; but the learned commentator knows what he was going to say; and, being unwilling to keep the secret, he goes on in a train of philosophical reasoning that leaves the reader in astonishment. Johnson, with true piety, adopts the fanciful hypothesis, declaring it to be a noble emendation, which almost sets the critic on a level with the author. The general observations at the end of the several plays, and the preface, will be found in this edition. The former, with great elegance and precision, give a summary view of each drama. The preface is a tract of great erudition and philosophical criticism.

Johnson's political pamphlets, whatever was his motive for writing them, whether gratitude for his pension, or the solicitation of men in power, did not support the cause for which they were undertaken. They are written in a style truly harmonious, and with his usual dignity of language. When it is said that he advanced positions repugnant to the *common rights of mankind*, the virulence of party may be suspected. It is, perhaps, true that in the clamour raised throughout the kingdom Johnson over heated his mind ; but he was a friend to the rights of man, and he was greatly superior to the littleness of spirit that might incline him to advance what he did not think and firmly believe. In the *False Alarm*, though many of the most eminent men in the kingdom concur-

red in petitions to the throne, yet Johnson, having well surveyed the mass of the people, has given, with great humour and no less truth, what may be called, *the birth, parentage, and education of a remonstrance.* On the subject of Falkland's Islands, the fine dissuasive from too hastily involving the world in the calamities of war, must extort applause even from the party that wished, at that time, for scenes of tumult and commotion. It was in the same pamphlet that Johnson offered battle to JUNIUS; a writer, who, by the uncommon elegance of his style, charmed every reader, though his object was to inflame the nation in favour of a faction. Junius fought in the dark; he saw his enemy and had his full blow; while he himself remained safe in obscurity. But let us not, said Johnson, mistake the venom of the shaft for the vigor of the bow. The keen invective which he published on that occasion, promised a paper war between two combatants, who knew the use of their weapons. A battle between them was as eagerly expected as between Mendoza and Big Ben. But Junius, whatever was his reason, never returned to the field. He laid down his arms, and has, ever since, remained as secret as the MAN IN THE MASK in Voltaire's History.

The account of his journey to the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland, is a model for such as shall hereafter relate their travels. The author did not visit that part of the world in the character of an antiquary, to amuse us with wonders taken from the dark and fabulous ages; nor as a mathematician, to measure a degree, and settle the longitude and latitude of the several islands. Those, who expected such information, expected

what was never intended. *In every work regard the writer's end.* Johnson went to see men and manners, modes of life, and the progress of civilization. His remarks are so artfully blended with the rapidity and elegance of his narrative, that the reader is inclined to wish, as Johnson did with regard to GRAY, that *to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment.*

As to Johnson's Parliamentary Debates, nothing with propriety can be said in this place. They are collected in two volumes by Mr. Stockdale, and the flow of eloquence which runs through the several speeches is sufficiently known.

It will not be useless to mention two more volumes, which may form a proper supplement to this edition. They contain a set of sermons left for publication by John Taylor, L. L. D. The Reverend Mr. Hayes, who ushered these discourses into the world, has not given them as the composition of Dr. Taylor. All he could say for his departed friend was, that he left them in silence among his papers. Mr. Hayes knew them to be the production of a superior mind ; and the writer of these memoirs owes it to the candour of that elegant scholar, that he is now warranted to give an additional proof of Johnson's ardour in the cause of piety, and every moral duty. The last discourse in the collection was intended to be delivered by Dr. Taylor, at the funeral of Johnson's wife ; but that reverend gentleman declined the office, because, as he told Mr. Hayes, the praise of the deceased was too much amplified. He, who reads the piece, will find it a beautiful moral lesson, written

with temper, and no where over charged with ambitious ornaments. The rest of the discourses were the fund, which Dr. Taylor, from time to time, carried with him to his pulpit. He had the LARGEST BULL* in England, and some of the best sermons.

We come now to the Lives of the Poets, a work undertaken at the age of seventy, yet the most brilliant, and certainly the most popular, of all our author's writings. For this performance he needed little preparation. Attentive always to the history of letters, and by his own natural bias fond of biography, he was the more willing to embrace the proposition of the booksellers. He was versed in the whole body of English poetry, and his rules of criticism were settled with precision. The dissertation, in the Life of Cowley, on the metaphysical poets of the last century, has the attraction of novelty as well as sound observation. The writers who followed Dr. Donne, went in quest of something better than truth and nature. As Sancho says in Don Quixote, they wanted better bread than is made with wheat. They took pains to bewilder themselves, and were ingenious for no other purpose than to err. In Johnson's review of Cowley's works, false wit is detected in all its shapes, and the Gothic taste for glittering conceits, and far fetched allusions, is exploded, never, it is hoped, to revive again.

An author who has published his observations on the Life and Writings of Dr. Johnson, speaking of the Lives of the Poets, says, "These compositions, abounding in strong and acute remark, and with many fine and even

* See Johnson's Letters from Ashbourne, in vol. xii. of this edition.

sublime passages, have unquestionably great merit; but if they be regarded merely as containing narrations of the lives, delineations of the characters, and strictures of the several authors, they are far from being always to be depended on." He adds, "The characters are sometimes partial, and there is sometimes TOO MUCH MALIGNITY of misrepresentation, to which, perhaps, may be joined no inconsiderable portion of erroneous criticism." The several clauses of this censure deserve to be answered as fully as the limits of this essay will permit.

In the first place, the facts are related upon the best intelligence, and the best vouchers that could be gleaned, after a great lapse of time. Probability was to be inferred from such materials as could be procured, and no man better understood the nature of historical evidence than Dr. Johnson; no man was more religiously an observer of truth. If his history is any where defective, it must be imputed to the want of better information, and the errors of uncertain tradition.

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ prelabitur aura.

If the strictures on the works of the various authors are not always satisfactory, and if erroneous criticism may sometimes be suspected, who can hope that in matters of taste all shall agree? The instances in which the public mind has differed from the positions advanced, by the author, are few in number. It has been said, that justice has not been done to Swift; that Gay and Prior are undervalued; and that Gray has been harshly treated. This charge, perhaps, ought not to be disputed. Johnson, it is well known, had conceived a prejudice

against Swift. His friends trembled for him when he was writing that life, but were pleased, at last, to see it executed with temper and moderation. As to Prior, it is probable that he gave his real opinion, but an opinion that will not be adopted by men of lively fancy. With regard to Gray, when he condemns the apostrophe, in which Father Thames is desired to tell who drives the hoop, or tosses the ball, and then adds, that Father Thames had no better means of knowing than himself; when he compares the abrupt beginning of the first stanza of the bard to the ballad of JOHNNY ARMSTRONG, "*Is there ever a man in all Scotland;*" there are, perhaps, few friends of Johnson, who would not wish to blot out both the passages. It may be questioned whether the remarks on Pope's Essay on Man can be received without great caution. It has been already mentioned, that Crousaz, a professor in Switzerland, eminent for his Treatise of Logic, started up a professed enemy to that poem. Johnson says, "his mind was one of those, in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He looked with distrust upon all metaphysical systems of theology, and was persuaded, that the positions of Pope were intended to draw mankind away from Revelation, and to represent the whole course of things as a necessary concatenation of indissoluble fatality." This is not the place for a controversy about the Leibnitzian system. Warburton, with all the powers of his large and comprehensive mind, published a Vindication of Pope; and yet Johnson says, that "in many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favourable to morals, or to liberty." This sentence is

severe, and, perhaps, dogmatical. Crousaz wrote an Examen of THE ESSAY ON MAN, and afterwards a Commentary on every remarkable passage; and though it now appears that Mrs. Elizabeth Cartar translated the foreign critic, yet it is certain that Johnson encouraged the work, and, perhaps, imbibed those early prejudices which adhered to him to the end of his life. He shuddered at the idea of irreligion. Hence we are told in the Life of Pope, "Never were penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised; Pope, in the chair of wisdom, tells much that every man knows, and much that he did not know himself; and gives us comfort in the position, that *though man's a fool, yet God is wise;* that human advantages are unstable; that our true honour is, not to have a great part, but to act it well; that virtue only is our own, and that happiness is always in our power. The reader, when he meets all this in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse." But may it not be said, that every system of ethics must or ought to terminate in plain and general maxims for the use of life? And, though in such axioms no discovery is made, does not the beauty of the moral theory consist in the premises, and the chain of reasoning that leads to the conclusion? May not truth, as Johnson himself says, be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images? Pope's doctrine about the ruling passion does not seem to be refuted, though it is called, in harsh terms, pernicious as well as false; tending to establish a kind of moral predestination, or overruling principle, which cannot be resisted. But Johnson was too easily alarmed in the cause of religion.

Organized as the human race is, individuals have different inlets of perception, different powers of mind, and different sensations of pleasure and pain.

> All spread their charms, but charm not all alike,
> On different senses different objects strike;
> Hence different passions more or less inflame,
> As strong or weak the organs of the frame.
> And hence one master passion in the breast,
> Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

Brumoy says, Pascal from his infancy felt himself a geometrician; and Vandyke, in like manner, was a painter. Shakspeare, who of all poets had the deepest insight into human nature, was aware of a prevailing bias in the operations of every mind. By him we are told, "*Masterless passion sways us to the mood of what it likes or loaths.*"

It remains to inquire, whether in the lives before us the characters are partial, and too often drawn with malignity of misrepresentation. To prove this it is alleged, that Johnson has misrepresented the circumstances relative to the translation of the first Iliad, and maliciously ascribed that performance to Addison, instead of Tickell, with too much reliance on the testimony of Pope, taken from the account in the papers left by Mr. Spence. For a refutation of the fallacy imputed to Addison, we are referred to a note in the *Biographia Britannica*, written by the late *Judge Blackstone*, who, it is said, examined the whole matter with accuracy, and found that the first regular statement of the accusation against Addison was published by Ruffhead, in his Life of Pope, from the materials which he received from Dr. Warburton. But,

with all due deference to the learned judge, whose talents deserve all praise, this account is by no means accurate.

Sir Richard Steele, in a dedication of the Comedy of the Drummer to Mr. Congreve, gave the first insight into that business. He says, in a style of anger and resentment, "If that gentleman, Mr. Tickell, thinks himself injured, I will allow I have wronged him upon this issue, that, if the reputed translator of the first book of Homer shall please to give us another book, there shall appear another good judge in poetry, besides Mr. Alexander Pope, who shall like it." The authority of Steele outweighs all opinions founded on vain conjecture, and, indeed, seems to be decisive, since we do not find that Tickell, though warmly pressed, thought proper to vindicate himself.

But the grand proof of Johnson's malignity is the manner in which he has treated the character and conduct of Milton. To enforce this charge has wearied sophistry, and exhausted the invention of a party. What they cannot deny, they palliate; what they cannot prove, they say is probable. But why all this rage against Dr. Johnson? Addison, before him, had said of Milton;

> Oh! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
> To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men!

And had not Johnson an equal right to avow his sentiments! Do his enemies claim a privilege to abuse whatever is valuable to Englishmen, either in church or state? And must the liberty of UNLICENSED PRINTING be denied to the friends of the British constitution?

It is unnecessary to pursue the argument through all its artifices, since, dismantled of ornament and seducing language, the plain truth may be stated in a narrow compass. Johnson knew that Milton was a republican; he says, "an acrimonious and surly republican, for which it is not known that he gave any better reason, than that a popular government was the most frugal; for, the trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth." Johnson knew that Milton talked aloud "of the danger of READMITTING KINGSHIP in this nation;" and when Milton adds, "that a commonwealth was commended, or rather ENJOINED, by our Saviour himself, to all christians, not without a remarkable disallowance, and the brand of gentilism UPON KINGSHIP," Johnson thought him no better than a wild enthusiast. He knew as well as Milton, "that the happiness of a nation must needs be firmest and certainest in a full and free council of their own electing, where no single person, but reason only, sways;" but the example of all the republics, recorded in the annals of mankind, gave him no room to hope that REASON only would be heard. He knew that the republican form of government, having little or no complication, and no consonance of parts by a nice mechanism forming a regular whole, was too simple to be beautiful even in theory. In practice it, perhaps, never existed. In its most flourishing state, at Athens, Rome, and Carthage, it was a constant scene of tumult and commotion. From the mischiefs of a wild democracy, the progress has ever been to the dominion of an aristocracy; and the word *aristocracy* fatally includes the boldest and most turbulent citizens, who rise

by their crimes, and call themselves the best men in the state. By intrigue, by cabal, and faction, a pernicious oligarchy is sure to succeed, and end at last in the tyranny of a single ruler. Tacitus, the great master of political wisdom, saw, under the mixed authority of king, nobles, and people, a better form of government than Milton's boasted republic; and what Tacitus admired in theory, but despaired of enjoying, Johnson saw established in this country. He knew that it had been overturned by the rage of frantic men ; but he knew that, after the iron rod of Cromwell's usurpation, the constitution was once more restored to its first principles. Monarchy was established, and this country was regenerated. It was regenerated a second time at the revolution ; the rights of men were then defined, and the blessings of good order and civil liberty have been ever since diffused through the whole community.

The peace and happiness of society were what Dr. Johnson had at heart. He knew that Milton called his defence of the regicides a defence of the people of England, but, however glossed and varnished, he thought it an apology for murder. Had the men, who, under a show of liberty, brought their king to the scaffold, proved by their subsequent conduct, that the public good inspired their actions, the end might have given some sanction to the means ; but usurpation and slavery followed. Milton undertook the office of secretary under the despotic power of Cromwell, offering the incense of adulation to his master, with the titles of *Director of public Councils, the Leader of unconquered Armies, the Father of his country.* Milton declared, at the same time, that

nothing is more pleasing to God, or more agreeable to reason, than that the highest mind should have the sovereign power. In this strain of servile flattery Milton gives us the right divine of tyrants. But it seems, in the same piece, he exhorts Cromwell "not to desert those great principles of liberty which he had professed to espouse; for, it would be a grievous enormity, if, after having successfully opposed tyranny, he should himself act the part of a tyrant, and betray the cause that he had defended." This desertion of every honest principle the advocate for liberty lived to see. Cromwell acted the tyrant; and, with vile hypocrisy, told the people, that he had consulted the Lord, and the Lord would have it so. Milton took an under part in the tragedy. Did that become the defender of the people of England? Brutus saw his country enslaved; he struck the blow for freedom, and he died with honour in the cause. Had he lived to be a secretary under Tiberius, what would now be said of his memory?

But still, it seems, the prostitution with which Milton is charged, since it cannot be defended, is to be retorted on the character of Johnson. For this purpose a book has been published, called *Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Life of Milton; to which are added, Milton's Tractate of Education, and Areopagitica.* In this laboured tract we are told, "There is one performance ascribed to the pen of the doctor, where the prostitution is of so singular a nature, that it would be difficult to select an adequate motive for it out of the mountainous heap of conjectural causes of human passions or human caprice. It is the speech of the late unhappy Dr. William Dodd, when he was about

to hear the sentence of the law pronounced upon him, in consequence of an indictment for forgery. The voice of the public has given the honour of manufacturing this speech to Dr. Johnson ; and the style and configuration of the speech itself confirm the imputation. But it is hardly possible to divine what could be his motive for accepting the office. A man, to express the precise state of mind of another, about to be destined to an ignominious death for a capital crime, should, one would imagine, have some consciousness, that he himself had incurred some guilt of the same kind." In all the schools of sophistry is there to be found so vile an argument ? In the purlieus of Grub Street is there such another mouthful of dirt ? In the whole quiver of malice is there so envenomed a shaft ?

After this it is to be hoped, that a certain class of men will talk no more of Johnson's malignity. The last apology for Milton is, that he acted according to his principles. But Johnson thought those principles detestable ; pernicious to the constitution in church and state, destructive of the peace of society, and hostile to the great fabric of civil policy, which the wisdom of ages has taught every Briton to revere, to love, and cherish. He reckoned Milton in that class of men, whom the Roman historian says, when they want, by a sudden convulsion, to overturn the government, they roar and clamour for liberty ; if they succeed, they destroy liberty itself. *Ut imperium evertant, Libertatem præferunt ; si perverterint, libertatem ipsam aggredientur.* Such were the sentiments of Dr. Johnson ; and it may be asked, in the language of Bolingbroke, "Are these sentiments, which any

man, who is born a Briton, in any circumstances, in any situation, ought to be ashamed or afraid to avow?" Johnson has done ample justice to Milton's poetry; the Criticism on Paradise Lost is a sublime composition. Had he thought the author as good and pious a citizen as Dr. Watts, he would have been ready, notwithstanding his nonconformity, to do equal honour to the memory of the man.

It is now time to close this essay, which the author fears has been drawn too much into length. In the progress of the work, feeble as it may be, he thought himself performing the last human office to the memory of a friend, whom he loved, esteemed, and honoured.

> His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
> Munere.....

The author of these memoirs has been anxious to give the features of the man, and the true character of the author. He has not suffered the hand of partiality to colour his excellences with too much warmth; nor has he endeavoured to throw his singularities too much into the shade. Dr. Johnson's failings may well be forgiven for the sake of his virtues. His defects were spots in the sun. His piety, his kind affections, and the goodness of his heart, present an example worthy of imitation. His works still remain a monument of genius and of learning. Had he written nothing but what is contained in this edition, the quantity shews a life spent in study and meditation. If to this we added the labour of his Dictionary and other various productions, it may be fairly allowed, as he used to say of himself, that he has written his share.

In the volumes here presented to the public, the reader will find a perpetual source of pleasure and instruction. With due precautions authors may learn to grace their style with elegance, harmony, and precision; they may be taught to think with vigor and perspicuity; and, to crown the whole, by a diligent attention to these books, all may advance in virtue.

POEMS.

LONDON;

A POEM:

IN IMITATION OF THE

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

WRITTEN IN 1738.

Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? JUV.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES* bids the town farewel,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,

JUV. SAT. III.

1 Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

* Sir John Hawkins says, that by Thales we are here to understand Savage. Mr. Boswell asserts that this is entirely groundless, and adds, "I have been assured that Dr. Johnson said, he was not so much as acquainted with Savage when he wrote his *London*." This, added to the circumstance of the date, for Savage did not set out for Wales till July, 1739, might be decisive, if

And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

[2] For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay;
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

[3] While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,

[2] —Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miserum, tam selum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, & mille pericula sæva
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

[3] Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Substitit ad veteres arcus.——

unfortunately for Mr. Boswell he had not, a few pages after, given us some highly complimentary lines which, "he was assured were written by Dr. Johnson." *Ad Ricardum Savage*, in April, 1738, about a month before *London* was published. This surely implies previous acquaintance with Savage, for Dr. Johnson would not have praised a stranger in such terms, and gives a very strong probability to Sir John Hawkins's conjecture. That Savage did not set out for Wales until the following year, is a matter of little consequence, as the *intention* of such a journey would justify the lines alluding to it. See Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 109 and p. 139. 8vo. edit. 1804.

On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
Struck with the seat that gave ELIZA* birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of wo.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.
[4]Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no [5] staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;

[4]Hic tunc Umbritius; Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid; proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatis ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities.——

[5] —— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And, safe in poverty, defy'd his foes;
Some secret cell, ye Pow'rs, indulgent give,
And let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear bought rights away,
And plead for * pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

[7] Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our † silenc'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed! What bounds your pride shall hold:
What check restrain your thirst of power and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives, your own.

To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven:

[6] Cedamus patriâ; vivant Arturius istic
Et Catullus; maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt.

[7] Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.——
Munera nunc edunt.

* The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the Houses of parliament.

† The licensing act was then lately made.

[8] But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though BRITAIN's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the * Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

[9] Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

[10] For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.

[11] But thou, should tempting villainy present
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent.

[8] Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio; librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere.—

[9] —— Ferre ad nuptam quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat norint alii; me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

[10] Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius?——
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest.——

[11] ——Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas.——

* The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

[12] The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome!
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
[13] I cannot bear a French metropolis.

[14] Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics, import;

[12] Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam properabo fateri.

[13] ——— Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem. ———

[14] Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

[15] Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
[16] They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap;
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And, bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

[17] Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?

[18] Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite.
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
[19] These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.

[15] Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, fermo
Promptus.———

[16] Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus; omnia novit,
Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.

[17] Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum
Hausit Aventini?———

[18] Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat
Sermonem indocti faciem deformis amici?

[19] Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare; sed illis
Creditur———

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage ;
[20] Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye ;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear ;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dogdays, in December sweat.
[21] How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile ;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caressed,
They first invade your table, then your breast ;
[22] Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;

20 Natio comœda est. Rides ? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

21 Non sumus ergo pares ; melior, qui semper et omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum,
A facie jactare manus ; laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.———

22 Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

Then soon your ill plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
[23] By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
[24] Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure a most bitter is a scornful jest ;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
[25] Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore ?
No secret island in the boundless main ?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd * by Spain ?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
[26] SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D ;

23 ——— Materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem ? si fœda & scissa lacerna, &c.

24 Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

25 ——— Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

26 Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat

* The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.

But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise and smiles are sold;
Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies;
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
[27] Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
[28] Should Heav'n's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;
The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;

Res augusta domi, sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus.————
———— Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio.————
Cogimur, et cultis augare peculia servis.

27 ———— Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum & frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

28 Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres.————

[29] With well feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before;
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble and the shining plate,
[30] Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
[31] Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support the drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord;
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;

[29] ——— Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas; hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.———

[30] ——— Meliora, ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus.——

[31] Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic.——
Vive bidentis amans & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.

On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
[32] Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
[33] Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
[34] Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;
Flush'd as they are, with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
[35] In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose ;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

[32] ——— Possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas.——

[33] Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelcidæ.——

[34] —— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, & comitum longissimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.

[35] Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas ; nam qui spoliet te
Non deerit ; clausis domibus, &c.

[36] Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose * ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.†

[37] A single gaol, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice, then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

[38] Much could I add; but see the boat at hand,
The tide, retiring, calls me from the land;
[39] Farewell! When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;

[36] Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ & sarcula desint.

[37] Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt una contentam carcere Romam.

[38] His alias poteram, & pluries subnectere causas;
Sed jumenta vocant.——

[39] —— Ergo vale nostri memor; & quotics te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Elvinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
Convelle à Cumis; satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam calligatus in agros.

* A cant term in the house of commons for methods of raising money.

† The nation was discontented at the visits made by the king to Hanover.

And, tir'd, like me, with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET * Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

* Ver. 1—11.

* But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though Confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy;
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy;
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet † still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival, and the gaping heir.
Once ‡ more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,

* Ver. 13—22. † Ver. 23—27. ‡ Ver. 28—55.

See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest;
Thou who could'st laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth, unlov'd, without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of wo;
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry prayer.

* Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great,
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.

* Ver. 56—107.

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies,
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted, justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.

At length his sov'reign frowns.....the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

* What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

† When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;

* Ver. 108—113. † Ver. 114—132.

O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And * Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
Yet, should thy soul indulge the generous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day ;
Should no false kindness lure to loosé delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
Yet hope nor life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee ;
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise ;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.†

* There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident it was pulled down many years since.

† See Gent. Mag. vol. lxviii. p. 951. 1027.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes ;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent ;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block ;
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

* The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world ;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name ;
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt ;
Wreaths which at last the dear bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

† On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;

* Ver. 133—146 † Ver. 147—167.

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
" Think nothing gain'd," he cries, " till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost ;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;....
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day ;
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale.
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

* All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cesarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;

* Ver. 168—187.

His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
* Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted wo.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy;
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain;
No sound, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

* Ver. 188—288.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet e'en on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings:
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.

From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

* The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

* Ver. 289—345.

* Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
Must dull suspence corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r ;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat ;
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

* Ver. 346—366.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His pow'rful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart;
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame,
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd, whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, for who can guess th' effects of chance?
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope dancer, who had exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.

With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not Censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give.
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense ;
To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,
For useful Mirth and salutary Wo ;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

IRENE;

A

TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE.

YE glitt'ring train, whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solicitudes of dress !
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice, a moment spare !
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Power
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour !
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads widé the mighty moral for mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm ; and vig'rous, though resign'd,
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest.
Learn here that Peace from Innocence must flow ;
All else is empty sound and idle show.
If truths like these with pleasing language join ;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine ;
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools ;
Intriguing Wits ! his artless plot forgive ;
And spare him, Beauties ! though his lovers live.
Be this at least his praise, be this his pride ;
To force applause no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial cat calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.

Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads,
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd though Witlings sneer and Rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust;
Ye Fops, be silent; and ye Wits, be just!

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

MAHOMET,	Emp. of the Turks,	*Mr. Barry.*
CALI BASSA,	First Visier,	*Mr. Berry.*
MUSTAPHA,	A Turkish Aga,	*Mr. Sowden.*
ABDALLA,	An Officer,	*Mr. Havard.*
HASAN,	Turkish Captains,	*Mr. Usher.*
CARAZA,		*Mr. Burton.*
DEMETRIUS,	Greek Noblemen,	*Mr. Garrick.*
LEONTIUS,		*Mr. Blakes.*
MURZA,	An Eunuch,	*Mr. King.*

WOMEN.

ASPASIA,	Greek Ladies,	*Mrs. Cibber.*
IRENE,		*Mrs. Pritchard.*

ATTENDANTS ON IRENE.

IRENE;

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS, *in Turkish habits.*

Leontius.

AND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean disguise of Turkish robes,
With servile secrecy to lurk in shades,
And vent our suff'rings in clandestine groans?

Demetrius.

Till breathless fury wrested from destruction,
These groans were fatal, these disguises vain;
But now our Turkish conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
No more the glutted sabre thirsts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

Leontius.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of transient hope,
No soothing interval of peaceful sorrow;
The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest,
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless,

The last corruption of degenerate man!
Urg'd by the imperious soldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns
Pregnant with stores that India's mines might envy,
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

Demetrius.

That wealth, too sacred for their country's use!
That wealth, too pleasing to be lost for freedom!
That wealth, which, granted to their weeping prince,
Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates!
But, thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting Av'rice now too late discovers
Her own neglected in the public safety.

Leontius.

Reproach not misery.....The sons of Greece,
Ill fated race! so oft besieg'd in vain,
With false security beheld invasion.
Why should they fear?.....That pow'r that kindly spreads
The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs,
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

Demetrius.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states.
When public Villainy, too strong for justice,

Shews his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When some neglected fabric nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,
Must Heav'n despatch the messengers of light,
Or wake the dead, to warn us of its fall?

Leontius.

Well might the weakness of our empire sink
Before such foes of more than human force;
Some pow'r invisible, from Heav'n or Hell,
Conducts their armies, and asserts their cause.

Demetrius.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
Beyond the pow'r of constancy and courage?
Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon?
Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ramparts?
'Twas vice that shook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,
That froze our veins, and wither'd all our pow'rs.

Leontius.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.
Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,
Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
And, weeping, kiss the venerable ruins;
With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
Sacred to pray'r; and wander through the streets,
Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.....

Demetrius.

.....How chang'd, alas!.....Now ghastly desolation
In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires;

Now superstition, ignorance, and error,
Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

Leontius.

From ev'ry palace bursts a mingled clamour,
The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright and wailings of distress.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Arose to Heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia.

Demetrius.

Aspasia! spare that lov'd, that mournful name;
Dear hapless maid.....tempestuous grief o'erbears
My reasoning pow'rs.....Dear, hapless, lost Aspasia!

Leontius.

Suspend the thought.

Demetrius.

All thought on her is madness;
Yet let me think... I see the helpless maid,
Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,
Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her!

Leontius.

Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

Demetrius.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For courage droops unequal to the combat,

And weak Philosophy denies her succours.
Sure some kind sabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,
Dismiss'd her to the sky.

Leontius.

Some virgin martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,
With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,
And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

Demetrius.

From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow saints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me;
In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams,
O! sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose thee.

Leontius.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius;
I came obedient to thy friendly summons,
And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows;
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,
To what are we reserv'd?

Demetrius.

To what I know not;
But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour;
If happiness can be without Aspasia.

Leontius.

But whence this new sprung hope?

Demetrius.

From Cali Bassa,
The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels.
He, tir'd of slavery, though the highest slave,

Projects at once our freedom and his own;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

Leontius.

Can he restore the state he could not save?
In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their measures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

Demetrius.

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,
At midnight's private hour, a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, "Awake, Demetrius,
Awake, and follow me to better fortunes."
Surpris'd I start, and bless the happy dream;
Then, rousing, know the fiery chief Abdalla,
Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the shore where Cali stood,
Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.
There, in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft had practis'd fraud, and oft detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equipp'd for speedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow captives,
Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee chief.

Leontius.

But what avails
So small a force? Or why should Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight restore our country?

Demetrius.

Reserve these questions for a safer hour ;
Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

Cali.

Now summon all thy soul, illustrious Christian!
Awake each faculty that sleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the sage's firmness,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal ;
If, chasing past events with vain pursuit,
Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
A single thought now rove, recal it home.
But can thy friend sustain the glorious cause,
The cause of liberty, the cause of nations ?

Demetrius.

Observe him closely with a statesman's eye,
Thou that hast long perus'd the draughts of nature,
And know'st the characters of vice and virtue,
Left by the hand of Heav'n on human clay.

Cali.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great ;
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
But cautious age suspects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips ?

Does adamantine faith invest his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

Demetrius.

Sooner the trembling leaves shall find a voice,
And tell the secrets of their conscious walks;
Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.
Your slaughter'd multitudes that swell the shore
With monuments of death, proclaim his courage;
Virtue and liberty engross his soul,
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

Leontius.

I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd;
Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour;
Consult in private, call me when your scheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the sword. [*Going.*

Demetrius.

Leontius, stay.

Cali.

Forgive an old man's weakness,
And share the deepest secrets of my soul,
My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my designs.....
When unsuccessful wars, and civil factions,
Embroil'd the Turkish state, our Sultan's father,
Great Amurath, at my request, forsook
The cloister's ease, resum'd the tott'ring throne,
And snatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r
From giddy Mahomet's unskilful hand.

This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breast;
He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
And dooms my rash fidelity to ruin.

Demetrius.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts,
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch or the people.

Cali.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r,
And lawless passion, hold the sword of justice.
If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied state;
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with every virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

Leontius.

But say, great Bassa, why the Sultan's anger,
Burning in vain, delays the stroke of death?

Cali.

Young, and unsettled in his father's kingdoms,
Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy
The empire's darling, and the soldier's boast;
But now confirm'd, and swelling with his conquests,
Secure he tramples my declining fame,
Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

Demetrius.

What can reverse thy doom?

Cali.

The tyrant's death.

Demetrius.

But Greece is still forgot.

Cali.

On Asia's coast,
Which lately bless'd my gentle government,
Soon as the Sultan's unexpected fate
Fills all th' astonish'd empire with confusion,
My policy shall raise an easy throne;
The Turkish pow'rs from Europe shall retreat,
And harass Greece no more with wasteful war.
A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,
Attends to waft us to repose and safety.

Demetrius.

That vessel, if observ'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thousand fatal questions birth;
Why stor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

Cali.

This hour I'll beg, with unsuspecting face
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca;
Which granted, hides my purpose from the world,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

Leontius.

How can a single hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels enclose?

Cali.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.

A roving soldier seiz'd, in Sophia's temple,
A virgin shining with distinguish'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

Demetrius.

In Sophia's temple !.....What alarm !.....Proceed.

Cali.

The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd ;
In passion lost, he bade the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the queen of Turkey.
The pious maid, with modest indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

Demetrius.

Celestial goodness !
It must, it must be she ; her name ?

Cali.

Aspasia.

Demetrius.

What hopes, what terrors, rush upon my soul !
O lead me quickly to the scene of fate ;
Break through the politician's tedious forms ;
Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save her.

Leontius.

Did Mahomet reproach or praise her virtue ?

Cali.

His offers oft repeated, still refus'd,
At length rekindled his accustom'd fury,
And chang'd th' endearing smile and am'rous whisper
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

Demetrius.

These tedious narratives of frozen age
Distract my soul ; despatch thy ling'ring tale ;

Say, did a voice from Heav'n restrain the tyrant?
Did interposing angels guard her from him?

Cali.

Just in the moment of impending fate,
Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene,
Of equal beauty, but of softer mien,
Fear in her eye, submission on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Disarm'd his rage, and in repeated visits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

Leontius.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

Cali.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,
While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy caresses and with pleasing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and sooths him to delay.
For her, repose is banish'd from the night,
And business from the day. In her apartments
He lives———

Leontius.

And there must fall.

Cali.

But yet th' attempt
Is hazardous.

Leontius.

Forbear to speak of hazards;
What has the wretch that has surviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

Cali.

Life.

Demetrius.

Th' inestimable privilege of breathing !
Important hazard ! What's that airy bubble,
When weigh'd with Greece, with Virtue, with Aspasia ?
A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded
Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.

Cali.

At least this day be calm.....If we succeed,
Aspasia's thine, and all thy life is rapture.....
See ! Mustapha, the tyrant's minion, comes ;
Invest Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unsuspected visits ;
Remember Freedom, Glory, Greece, and Love.

[*Exeunt* Demetrius *and* Leontius

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

Mustapha.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated Sultan ?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praise,
And seeks the shades to muse upon Irene ;
Irene steals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

Cali.

Why should the Sultan shun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breast against the force of love ?

Love, that with sweet vicissitude relieves
The warrior's labours and the monarch's cares.
But will she yet receive the faith of Mecca?

Mustapha.

Those pow'rful tyrants of the female breast,
Fear and Ambition, urge her to compliance;
Dress'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wish'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to distant glories.

Cali.

Soon will th' unequal contest be decided,
Prospects, obscur'd by distance, faintly strike;
Each pleasure brightens at its near approach,
And ev'ry danger shocks with double horror.

Mustapha.

How shall I scorn the beautiful apostate;
How will the bright Aspasia shine above her!

Cali.

Should she, for proselytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our prophet's law.....

Mustapha.

Heav'n will contemn the mercenary fervour,
Which love of greatness, not of truth, inflames.

Cali.

Cease, cease thy censures; for the Sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haste to seek his love.

SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

Cali.

Hail ! terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unshaken be thy throne as earth's firm base,
Live till the sun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courses !

Mahomet.

But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers ;
For what is length of days without Irene ?
I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

Cali.

O may her beauties last unchang'd by time,
As those that bless the mansions of the good !

Mahomet.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,
Swells the fair breast, or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins ;
Yet, unacquainted with these soft emotions,
I walk'd superior through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when absent from my fair,
From solitude to crowds, from crowds to solitude,
Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,
And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom ?

Mustapha.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intrusive duty
Inquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counsellor.

Mahomet.

Go see him die;
His martial rhet'ric taught the Greeks resistance;
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

[*Exit* Mustapha.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

Mahomet.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul:
There let Aspasia, since my fair entreats it,
With converse chase the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood
At sight of female charms will glow no more.

Cali.

These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Desires more pure, and other cares than Love.
Long have I wish'd, before our prophet's tomb,
To pour my pray'rs for thy successful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noisy camp,
And sink into the silent grave in peace.

Mahomet.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg,
Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,

Prowls o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey!
While fair Hungaria's unexhausted vallies
Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting camps!
Nor could'st thou more support a life of sloth
Than Amurath.....

Cali.

Still full of Amurath. [*Aside.*

Mahomet.

Than Amurath, accustom'd to command,
Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

Cali.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd.....

Mahomet.

For those who could not please by nobler service.....
Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
The holy flame of enterprising virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of solitude and penance,
And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion.
Shine thou, distinguish'd by superior merit,
With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,
Till ev'ry nation reverence the Koran,
And every suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

Cali.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.
Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,
Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

Mahomet.

Preach thy dull politics to vulgar kings,
Thou know'st not yet thy master's future greatness,
His vast designs, his plans of boundless pow'r.
When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore;
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

Irene.

Aspasia, yet pursue the sacred theme;
Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the Sultan's passion.
Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture
Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

Aspasia.

Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,
And bar the passes of Irene's mind
Against returning guilt.

Irene.

When thou art absent,
Death rises to my view, with all his terrors;
Then visions, horrid as a murd'rer's dreams,
Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue;
Stern Torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,
And Anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

Aspasia.

Since fear predominates in ev'ry thought,
And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,
Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
The future miseries that wait th' apostate;
So shall Timidity assist thy reason,
And Wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

Irene.

Will not that Power that form'd the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame?

Aspasia.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create;
Instructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till, affectation ripening to belief,
And Folly frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

Irene.

Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate.
Thy soul, by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,

Soars unincumber'd with our idle cares,
And all Aspasia, but her beauty, 's man.

Aspasia.

Each generous sentiment is thine, Demetrius;
Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
O! could the grave restore the pious hero,
Soon would his art or valor set us free,
And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

Irene.

He yet may live.

Aspasia.

Alas! delusive dream!
Too well I know him; his immoderate courage,
Th' impetuous sallies of excessive virtue,
Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI *to* ABDALLA, *as they advance.*

Behold our future Sultaness, Abdalla;.....
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull suspicion,
Glide through Irene to the Sultan's ear.
Wouldst thou subdue the obdurate cannibal
To tender friendship, praise him to his mistress.

[*To Irene.*]

Well may those eyes that view these heav'nly charms
Reject the daughters of contending kings;

For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine ?

Abdalla.

Receive th' impatient Sultan to thy arms ;
And may a long posterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed ; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world !

Irene.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave ? or can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to pow'r, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of greatness ?

Cali.

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes,
No feeble tyrant of a petty state,
Courts thee to shake on a dependent throne ;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The Sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

Abdalla.

At his dread name the distant mountains shake
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
That range uncivilized from rock to rock,
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of nature,
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

Aspasia.

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise;
The horrid images of war and slaughter
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

Abdalla.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends;
Just as I mark'd them they forsook the shore,
And turn'd their hasty steps towards the garden.

Cali.

Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace;
Such heav'nly beauty, form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquest?
Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

SCENE III.

CALI, *solus.*

How Heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with incessant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,
And towers and triumphs in ideal greatness;
Some accidental gust of opposition
Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabric of presumptuous reason,
And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
And through the parted shade disclos'd the Greeks,

Th' important hour had pass'd unheeded by,
In all the sweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,
In soft complaints, and idle protestations.

SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

Cali.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

Leontius.

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus.....

Demetrius.

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid.....

Leontius.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

Demetrius.

Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts and maturer counsels.

Cali.

My doom confirm'd establishes my purpose.
Calmly he heard till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire;
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

Demetrius.

The loudest cries of Nature urge us forward;
Despotic rage pursues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,
The pow'rful voice of Love inflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

Cali.

What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts?
Or sprightly hope exalt their kindling spirits?
Do they with pain repress the struggling shout,
And listen eager to the rising wind?

Leontius.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languishing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once an hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And ev'ry voice was liberty and Greece.

Demetrius.

Swift let us rush upon the careless tyrant,
Nor give him leisure for another crime.

Leontius.

Then let us now resolve, nor idly waste
Another hour in dull deliberation.

Cali.

But see, where destin'd to protract our counsels,
Comes Mustapha.....Your Turkish robes conceal you.
Retire with speed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial smiles, and seeming friendship.

SCENE V.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

Cali.

I see the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow;
These days of love and pleasure charm not thee;
Too slow these gentle constellations roll;
Thou long'st for stars that frown on human kind,
And scatter discord from their baleful beams.

Mustapha.

How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,
Beneath the load of business, and of years!

Cali.

Sure, by some wond'rous sympathy of souls,
My heart still beats responsive to the Sultan's;
I share, by secret instinct, all his joys,
And feel no sorrow while my sov'reign smiles.

Mustapha.

The Sultan comes, impatient for his love;
Conduct her hither; let no rude intrusion
Molest these private walks, or care invade
These hours assign'd to pleasure and Irene.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

Mahomet.

Now, Mustapha, pursue thy tale of horror.
Has treason's dire infection reach'd my palace?
Can Cali dare the stroke of heav'nly justice

In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting soul?
Was it for this, that, sick'ning in Epirus,
My father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and falt'ring cry'd,
Restrain the fervour of impetuous youth
With venerable Cali's faithful counsels?
Are these the counsels, this the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours lavish'd on a villain?
Confest?.....

Mustapha.

Confest by dying Menodorus.
In his last agonies the gasping coward,
Amidst the tortures of the burning steel,
Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful secret,
Held forth this fatal scroll, then sunk to nothing.

Mahomet, examining the paper.

His correspondence with our foes of Greece!
His hand! his seal! The secrets of my soul
Conceal'd from all but him! All, all conspire
To banish doubt, and brand him for a villain!
Our schemes for ever cross'd, our mines discover'd,
Betray'd some traitor lurking near my bosom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide wasting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Detested Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would shake his wily head, and closely whisper,
Beware of Mustapha, beware of treason.

Mustapha.

The faith of Mustapha disdains suspicion ;
But yet, great Emperor, beware of treason ;
Th' insidious Bassa, fir'd by disappointment.....

Mahomet.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
Go, seize him, load him with reproachful chains ;
Before th' assembled troops proclaim his crimes ;
Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidst the camp to howl his life away.

Mustapha.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of seeming innocence,
His bland address, and sorcery of tongue ;
And, should he fall unheard by sudden justice,
Th' adoring soldiers would revenge their idol.

Mahomet.

Cali, this day, with hypocritic zeal,
Implor'd my leave to visit Mecca's temple ;
Struck with the wonder of a statesman's goodness,
I rais'd his thoughts to more sublime devotion.
Now let him go, pursu'd by silent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in some distant land obscurely die.

Mustapha.

There will his boundless wealth, the spoil of Asia,
Heap'd by your father's ill plac'd bounties on him,
Disperse rebellion through the eastern world ;
Bribe to his cause, and list beneath his banners,
Arabia's roving troops, the sons of swiftness,
And arm the Persian heretic against thee ;

There shall he waste thy frontiers, check thy conquests,
And, though at length subdu'd, elude thy vengeance.

Mahomet.

Elude my vengeance! No....My troops shall range
Th' eternal snows that freeze beyond Mæotis,
And Afric's torrid sands, in search of Cali.
Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
Bear him almost above the wond'ring clouds,
And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence shall my fury drag him down to tortures;
Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

Mustapha.

Wilt thou dismiss the savage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

Mahomet.

Suspend his sentence.... Empire and Irene
Claim my divided soul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aside
For idle hours, and crush him at my leisure.

Mustapha.

Let not th' unbounded greatness of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.
Perhaps the clouds of dark conspiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice since the morning rose I saw the Bassa,
Like a fell adder swelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch
In private conference; beside him stood
Two men unknown, the partners of his bosom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy resolution, horrid greatness,

And stern composure of despairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thoughts, at sight of me,
As blasted by my presence, they withdrew
With all the speed of terror and of guilt.

Mahomet.

The strong emotions of my troubled soul
Allow no pause for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity distracts my counsels.
Do thou resolve; for see Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder gust of thought
Sinks like the sighing of a tempest spent,
And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.

[Cali *enters with* Irene, *and exit with* Mustapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

Mahomet.

Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows,
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchless beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatness heighten'd,
Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion!

Irene.

Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty state ?
Must I for these renounce the hope of Heav'n,
Immortal crowns, and fullness of enjoyment ?

Mahomet.

Vain raptures all.....For your inferior natures,
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserv'd no future paradise,
But bids you rove the paths of bliss, secure
Of total death, and careless of hereafter ;
While Heaven's high minister, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thought of sov'reign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

Irene.

Why then has Nature's vain munificence
Profusely pour'd her bounties upon woman ?
Whence then those charms thy tongue has deign'd to flatter,
That are resistless, and enchanting blush,
Unless the beauteous fabric was design'd
A habitation for a fairer soul ?

Mahomet.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'st exterior grace ;
Not always do the fairest flow'rs diffuse
The richest odours, nor the speckled shells
Conceal the gem ; let female arrogance
Observe the feather'd wand'rers of the sky ;
With purple varied and bedropp'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and spread the glossy plumes,

Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary passenger with music.

Irene.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our smiles, and trembles at our feet.
Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rapture,
Whence all the bliss and agonies of love ?

Mahomet.

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted soul with empty bliss ?
To want give affluence ? and to slav'ry freedom ?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treasure and a waking dream.

Irene.

Then let me once, in honour of our sex,
Assume the boastful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted are our own ;
Nor has impartial Nature's frugal hand
Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you.
Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason ?
Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,
The thirst of empire, and the love of glory ?

Mahomet.

Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought, forgive my Fair, the noblest aim,
The strongest effort of a female soul,
Was but to choose the graces of the day,
To tune the tongue, to teach the eye to roll,

Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roses to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To shine the goddess of applauding nations,
To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,
To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
To see new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile ?

Irene.

Charm'd with the thought of blessing human kind,
Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

Mahomet.

O seize the power to bless.....Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian ;
Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

Irene.

Forbear.....O do not urge me to my ruin !

Mahomet.

To state and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin ;
Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.
Security shall spread her shield before thee,
And Love infold thee with his downy wings.
If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat;
If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat ;
Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing ;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring ;
To deck these bow'rs each region shall combine,
And e'en our prophet's gardens envy thine ;
Empire and love shall share the blissful day,
And varied life steal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

[CALI *enters with a discontented air; to him enters* ABDALLA.]

Cali.

Is this the fierce conspirator, Abdalla?
Is this the restless diligence of treason?
Where hast thou linger'd while th' incumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry slaughter scents imperial blood?

Abdalla.

Important cares detain'd me from your councils.

Cali.

Some petty passion! Some domestic trifle!
Some vain amusement of a vacant soul!
A weeping wife, perhaps, or dying friend,
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
Is this a time for softness or for sorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
When eager vengeance shews a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatness.

Abdalla.

Must then ambition's votaries infringe
The laws of kindness, break the bonds of nature,
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

Cali.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
E'en from the birth affects supreme command,
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and silver lake,
Mix undistinguish'd in the gen'ral roar.

Abdalla.

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breast
Claim but the second place ; there mighty Love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wishes, and his jealous pangs.

Cali.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth ;
Yet on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event.....But let us reason.....

Abdalla.

Hast thou grown old amidst the crowd of courts,
And turn'd th' instructive page of human life,
To cant, at last, of reason to a lover ?
Such ill tim'd gravity, such serious folly,
Might well befit the solitary student,
Th' unpractis'd dervise, or sequester'd faquir.
Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,
That all her faculties receive his chains ?
That Reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
Or only struggles to be more enslav'd ?
Aspasia, who can look upon thy beauties ?
Who hear thee speak, and not abandon reason ?
Reason ! The hoary dotard's dull directress,

That loses all, because she hazard's nothing!
Reason! The tim'rous pilot, that, to shun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port!

Cali.

But why this sudden warmth?

Abdalla.

Because I love;
Because my slighted passion burns in vain!
Why roars the lioness, distress'd by hunger?
Why foams the swelling wave when tempests rise?
Why shakes the ground, when subterraneous fires
Fierce through the busting caverns rend their way?

Cali.

Not till this day thou saw'st this fatal fair;
Did ever passion make so swift a progress?
Once more reflect, suppress this infant folly.

Abdalla.

Gross fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppressing stream;
The subtler flames emitted from the sky,
Flash out at once, with strength above resistance.

Cali.

How did Aspasia welcome your address?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conquest?
Or pay with speaking eyes a lover's homage?

Abdalla.

Confounded, aw'd, and lost in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not speak;
When e'en as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,

She mark'd my sparkling eyes, and heaving breast,
And smiling, conscious of her charms, withdrew.

[*Enter* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

Cali.

Now be some moments master of thyself;
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm.....To disagree is ruin.

SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

Demetrius.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes,
And give the tortures of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope?
Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through their wither'd limbs?

Cali.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleasures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull security,
Trusts to my care his mistress and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

Leontius.

So weak is man, when destin'd to destruction!.....
The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

Cali.

At my command yon iron gates unfold;
At my command the sentinels retire;
With all the license of authority,

A little longer, and she's thine for ever.
Through bowing slaves, I range the private rooms,
And of tomorrow's action fix the scene.

Demetrius.

Tomorrow's action ! Can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still doat upon tomorrow ?
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for tomorrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon tomorrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect !
Strange ! That this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees tomorrow dress'd in robes of triumph ;
Still to the lover's long expecting arms,
Tomorrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

Leontius.

The present hour, with open arms invites ;
Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom.

Demetrius.

Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,
But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks ?
Who knows, if Mahomet's awaking anger
May spare the fatal bowstring till tomorrow ?

Abdalla.

Had our first Asian foes but known this ardour,
We still had wander'd on Tartarian hills.
Rouse, Cali ; shall the sons of conquer'd Greece

Lead us to danger, and abash their victors?
This night with all her conscious stars be witness,
Who merits most, Demetrius or Abdalla.

Demetrius.

Who merits most!.....I knew not we were rivals.

Cali.

Young man, forbear.....the heat of youth, no more.....
Well.....'tis decreed.....This night shall fix our fate.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the sky,
With cautious secrecy, Leontius, steer
Th' appointed vessel to yon shaded bay,
Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your soldiers arm'd, and sails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepar'd
For speedy flight, or obstinate defence. [*Exit* Leont.

SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius.

Now pause, great Bassa, from the thoughts of blood,
And kindly grant an ear to gentler sounds.
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of absence,
Or felt th' impatience of obstructed love,
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
Once to behold the charms of bright Aspasia,
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

Cali.

Let prudence, ere the suit be farther urg'd,
Impartial weigh the pleasure with the danger,

Demetrius.

Prudence and love conspire in this request,
Lest, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
Surprise o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

Cali.

What I can grant, you cannot ask in vain.....

Demetrius.

I go to wait thy calls ; this kind consent
Completes the gift of freedom and of life. [*Exit* Dem.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

And this is my reward.....to burn, to languish,
To rave unheeded ; while the happy Greek,
The refuse of our swords, the dross of conquest,
Throws his fond arms about Aspasia's neck,
Dwells on her lips, and sighs upon her breast.
Is't not enough he lives by our indulgence,
But he must live to make his masters wretched ?

Cali.

What claim hast thou to plead ?

Abdalla.

The claim of pow'r,
The unquestion'd claim of conquerors and kings !

Cali.

Yet in the use of pow'r remember justice.

Abdalla.

Can then th' assassin lift his treach'rous hand

Against his king, and cry, remember justice?
Justice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
Justice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Justice demands.....but see th' approaching Sultan!
Oppose my wishes, and.....remember justice.

Cali.

Disorder sits upon thy face.....retire.

[*Exit* Abdalla, *enter* Mahomet.

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

Cali.

Long be the Sultan bless'd with happy love!
My zeal marks gladness dawning on thy cheek,
With raptures such as fire the Pagan crowds,
When, pale and anxious for their years to come,
They see the sun surmount the dark eclipse,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

Mahomet.

My vows, 'tis true, she hears with less aversion;
She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies.

Cali.

With warmer courtship press the yielding fair.
Call to your aid, with boundless promises,
Each rebel wish, each traitor inclination,
That raises tumults in the female breast,
The love of pow'r, of pleasure, and of show.

Mahomet.

These arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
By hateful business hurried from her sight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her;

Sooth her with all the pleasures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.

[*Exit* Mahomet.

SCENE VI.

CALI, *solus*.

He's gone.....Here rest, my soul, thy fainting wing,
Here recollect thy dissipated pow'rs.....
Our distant int'rests, and our diff'rent passions,
Now haste to mingle in one common centre,
And fate lies crowded in a narrow space.
Yet in that narrow space what dangers rise !.....
Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
Than all the wisdom of the grave divan.
Reason with reason fights on equal terms ;
The raging madman's unconnected schemes
We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.
Deep in my breast be treasur'd this resolve,
When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
Too fierce, too faithless, for neglect or trust.

[*Enter* Irene *with Attendants*.

SCENE VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

Cali.

Amidst the splendour of encircling beauty,
Superior majesty proclaims thee queen,
And nature justifies our monarch's choice.

Irene.

Reserve this homage for some other fair;
Urge me not on to glitt'ring guilt, nor pour
In my weak ear th' intoxicating sounds.

Cali.

Make haste, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
Aw'd by the rigor of the Sultan's justice,
We court thy gentleness.

Aspasia.

Can Cali's voice
Concur to press a hapless captive's ruin?

Cali.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
And duty bids me choose a distant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

SCENE VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, *Attendants.*

Aspasia.

If yet this shining pomp, these sudden honours,
Swell not thy soul beyond advice or friendship,
Nor yet inspire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to soothing adulation,
Suspend awhile the privilege of pow'r
To hear the voice of Truth; dismiss thy train,
Shake off th' incumbrances of state a moment,
And lay the tow'ring sultaness aside,

[Irene *signs to her attendants to retire.*

While I foretell thy fate; that office done.....

No more I boast th' ambitious name of friend,
But sink among thy slaves without a murmur.

Irene.

Did regal diadems invest my brow,
Yet should my soul, still faithful to her choice,
Esteem Aspasia's breast the noblest kingdom.

Aspasia.

The soul, once tainted with so foul a crime,
No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour;
Those holy Beings, whose superior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.

Irene.

Upbraid me not with fancied wickedness;
I am not yet a queen, or an apostate.
But should I sin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refuse,
The dread of instant death restrains my tongue?

Aspasia.

Reflect that life, and death, affecting sounds!
Are only varied modes of endless being;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

Irene.

If, built on settled thought, this constancy
Not idly flutters on a boastful tongue,
Why, when destruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and shine among the heroes?

Aspasia.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd softness on our limbs,
Unfit for toil, and polish'd into weakness,
Made passive fortitude the praise of woman;
Our only arms are innocence and meekness.
Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city;
But, while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
Pour'd storms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
Implor'd th' Eternal Pow'r to shield my country,
With silent sorrows, and with calm devotion.

Irene.

O! did Irene shine the queen of Turkey,
No more should Greece lament those pray'rs rejected.
Again should golden splendour grace her cities,
Again her prostrate palaces should rise,
Again her temples sound with holy music;
No more should danger fright, or want distress
The smiling widows, and protected orphans.

Aspasia.

Be virtuous ends pursu'd by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed;
That maxim, publish'd in an impious age,
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title;

Then Bigotry might send her slaves to war,
And bid success become the test of truth;
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of Heaven.

Irene.

Shall I not wish to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happiness of mourning millions?

Aspasia.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canst attain;
When social laws first harmoniz'd the world,
Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,
The scale of justice, and the sword of pow'r,
Nor left us aught but flattery and state.

Irene.

To me my lover's fondness will restore
Whate'er man's pride has ravish'd from our sex.

Aspasia.

When soft security shall prompt the Sultan,
Freed from the tumults of unsettled conquest,
To fix his court, and regulate his pleasures,
Soon shall the dire seraglio's horrid gates
Close like th' eternal bars of death upon thee.
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,
That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul,
There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And sigh for cheerful poverty in vain;
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curse of unrelenting Heav'n,
Despair and slav'ry, solitude and guilt.

Irene.

There shall we find the yet untasted bliss
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

Aspasia.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heav'n,
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather seek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at intervals of pray'r,
Descend to range these mansions of misfortune,
Oft' shall I dwell on our disastrous friendship,
And shed the pitying tear for lost Irene.

Irene.

Go, languish on in dull obscurity;
Thy dazzled soul, with all its boasted greatness,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal state,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for shelter to the shades of life.

Aspasia.

On me should Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Russian wilds,
Or bid soft science polish Britain's heroes;
Soon should'st thou see, how false thy weak reproach.
My bosom feels, enkindled from the sky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

Irene.

Ambition is the stamp, impress'd by Heav'n
To mark the noblest minds; with active heat
Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,

Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire ;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger;
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons, and revolving skies,
And ask, what guilty Pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs ;
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

Aspasia.

Well may'st thou hide in labyrinths of sound
The cause that shrinks from reason's pow'rful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,
And set the glitt'ring fallacy to view.
Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime ;
Angelic greatness is angelic virtue.
Amidst the glare of courts, and shout of armies,
Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wish, too late, for innocence and peace,
Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy state and agonizing pomp ?

SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

Maid.

A Turkish stranger, of majestic mien,
Asks at the gate admission to Aspasia,
Commission'd, as he says, by Cali Bassa.

Irene.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy message, [*Aside.*
Thanks for this kind relief.....With speed admit him.

Aspasia.

He comes, perhaps, to separate us for ever ;
When I am gone, remember, O ! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.
[*Exit* Irene ; *enter* Demetrius.

SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius.

'Tis she.....my hope, my happiness, my love !
Aspasia ! Do I once again behold thee ?
Still, still the same.....unclouded by misfortune !
Let my blest eyes for ever gaze.....

Aspasia.

Demetrius !

Demetrius.

Why does the blood forsake thy lovely cheek ?
Why shoots this chillness through thy shaking nerves ?
Why does thy soul retire into herself ?
Recline upon my breast thy sinking beauties ;
Revive.....Revive to freedom and to love.

Aspasia.

What well known voice pronounc'd the grateful sounds,
Freedom and love ? Alas ! I'm all confusion,
A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul ;

The present, past, and future, swim before me,
Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.

Demetrius.

Such ecstacy of love, such pure affection,
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

Aspasia.

A thousand thoughts, imperfect and distracted,
Demand a voice, and struggle into birth;
A thousand questions press upon my tongue,
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

Demetrius.

O say, bright Being, in this age of absence,
What fears, what griefs, what dangers, hast thou known?
Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd!
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd in vain!
Say, how the hand of Violence was rais'd!
Say, how thou call'dst in tears upon Demetrius!

Aspasia.

Inform me rather how thy happy courage
Stemm'd in the breach the deluge of destruction,
And pass'd uninjur'd through the walks of death.
Did savage anger and licentious conquest
Behold the hero with Aspasia's eyes?
And, thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O say, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither.

Demetrius.

Such strange events, such unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmest hope, or wildest wishes,
Concurr'd to give me to Aspasia's arms,
I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee.

Aspasia.

Sure Heav'n, for wonders are not wrought in vain,
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

It parts you now.....the hasty Sultan sign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

Demetrius.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converse of Aspasia.

Abdalla.

Aspasia's absence will inflame suspicion;
She cannot, must not, shall not, linger here;
Prudence and Friendship bid me force her from you.

Demetrius.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die!

Abdalla.

'Tis Greece, 'tis Freedom, calls Aspasia hence;
Your careless love betrays your country's cause.

Demetrius.

If we must part.....

Aspasia.

No! Let us die together.

Demetrius.

If we must part.....

Abdalla.

Despatch; th' increasing danger

Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long drawn intercourse of sighs and kisses.

Demetrius.

Then.....O my Fair, I cannot bid thee go ;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heav'n !
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,
If Fate pursues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze ;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our passions not infus'd in vain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, *enter as talking.*

Aspasia.

Enough.....resistless Reason calms my soul.....
Approving Justice smiles upon your cause,
And nature's rights entreat th' asserting sword.
Yet, when your hand is lifted to destroy,
Think, but excuse a woman's needless caution.....
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private passion,
Drive int'rest, love, and vengeance, from thy thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breast with Greece and Virtue,
Then strike secure, and Heav'n assist the blow !

Demetrius.

Thou kind assistant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd soul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

Aspasia.

My soul, first kindled by thy bright example
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from thee.

Demetrius.

With native lustre and unborrow'd greatness,
Thou shin'st, bright maid, superior to distress;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Those glitt'ring dew drops of a vernal morn,
That spread their colours to the genial beam,
And sparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But, when the tempest with sonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forsake the lab'ring bough,
Dispers'd in air, or mingled with the dust.

Aspasia.

Forbear this triumph.....still new conflicts wait us,
Foes unforeseen, and dangers unsuspected.
Oft when the fierce besiegers' eager host
Beholds the fainting garrison retire,
And rushes joyful to the naked wall,
Destruction flashes from th' insidious mine,
And sweeps th' exulting conqueror away.
Perhaps in vain the Sultan's anger spar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendship...
Abdalla!.....

Demetrius.

Can Abdalla then dissemble?

That fiery chief, renown'd for generous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undissembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour!

Aspasia.

This open friend, this undesigning hero,
With noisy falsehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

Demetrius.

Did not the cause of Greece restrain my sword,
Aspasia should not fear a second insult.

Aspasia.

His pride and love by turns inspir'd his tongue,
And intermix'd my praises with his own;
His wealth, his rank, his honours, he recounted,
Till, in the midst of arrogance and fondness,
Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the palace;
Then, while he gaz'd upon his yielding mistress,
I stole unheeded from their ravish'd eyes,
And sought this happy grove in quest of thee.

Demetrius.

Soon may the final stroke decide our fate,
Lest baleful discord crush our infant scheme,
And strangled freedom perish in the birth!

Aspasia.

My bosom, harass'd with alternate passions,
Now hopes, now fears.....

Demetrius.

Th' anxieties of love.

Aspasia.

Think how the Sov'reign Arbiter of kingdoms
Detests thy false associates' black designs,

And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.
Embark'd with treason on the seas of fate,
When Heav'n shall bid the swelling billows rage,
And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger?
Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt pollute the sacred cause!

Demetrius.

Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by Heav'n,
Successful treasons punish impious kings.

Aspasia.

Nor end my terrors with the Sultan's death;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waste
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry side confusion, rage, and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beset the treach'rous way with fatal ambush;
Each Turkish bosom burns for thy destruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the statesman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

Demetrius.

Capricious man! to good and ill inconstant,
Too much to fear or trust is equal weakness.
Sometimes the wretch, unaw'd by Heav'n or Hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.
The Bassa, reeking with his master's murder,
Perhaps may start at violated friendship.

Aspasia.

How soon, alas! will int'rest, fear, or envy,
O'erthrow such weak, such accidental, virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortified by conscience?

Demetrius.

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

Aspasia.

Yet think a moment, ere you court destruction,
What hand, when death has snatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aspasia from triumphant lust.

Demetrius.

Dismiss these needless fears.....a troop of Greeks,
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the shore.
Borne on the surface of the smiling deep,
Soon shalt thou scorn, in safety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's stratagems.

Aspasia.

Still, still, distrust sits heavy on my heart;
Will e'er an happier hour revisit Greece?

Demetrius.

Should Heav'n, yet unappeas'd, refuse its aid,
Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,
Yet shall the conscience of the great attempt
Diffuse a brightness o'er our future days;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canst thou support the woes of exile?
Canst thou forget hereditary splendours,
To live obscure upon a foreign coast,
Content with science, innocence, and love?

Aspasia.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aspasia's bliss,
O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the public ruins,
Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring trifles perish,
And thought the petty dross beneath a sigh.

Cheerful I follow to the rural cell;
Love be my wealth, and my distinction virtue.

Demetrius.

Submissive, and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the last award of Heav'n,
Secure of happiness from flight or conquest,
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
The mighty Tuscan courts the banish'd arts
To kind Italia's hospitable shades;
There shall soft leisure wing th' excursive soul,
And Peace propitious smile on fond desire;
There shall despotic Eloquence resume
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There Poetry shall tune her sacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the western world.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

Cali.

At length the unwilling sun resigns the world
To silence and to rest. The hours of darkness,
Propitious hours to stratagem and death,
Pursue the last remains of ling'ring light.

Demetrius.

Count not these hours as part of vulgar time,
Think them a sacred treasure lent by Heav'n,
Which, squander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No prayer recalls, no diligence redeems.
Tomorrow's dawn shall see the Turkish king

Stretch'd in the dust, or tow'ring on his throne ;
Tomorrow's dawn shall see the mighty Cali
The sport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

Cali.

Then waste no longer these important moments
In soft endearments, and in gentle murmurs ;
Nor lose in love the patriot and the hero.

Demetrius.

'Tis love, combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth ;
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
And fans the slumb'ring spark of heav'nly fire.
Retire, my fair ; that Pow'r that smiles on goodness
Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,
And still thy bosom with the voice of peace !

Aspasia.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of separation ! [*Exit.*

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

Demetrius.

This night alone is ours.....Our mighty foe,
No longer lost in am'rous solitude,
Will now remount the slighted seat of empire,
And shew Irene to the shouting people ;
Aspasia left her sighing in his arms,
And list'ning to the pleasing tale of pow'r ;
With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,
Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

Cali.

Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty

Now feast thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

Leontius.

Our bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming surge,
Reclines against the shore; our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the sandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

Abdalla.

The fav'ring winds assist the great design,
Sport in our sails, and murmur o'er the deep.

Cali.

'Tis well.....A single blow completes our wishes;
Return with speed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, disorder'd by their leader's absence,
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into madness.

Leontius.

Suspected still!.....What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dare join Leontius' name with fear or falsehood?
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless bosom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

Cali.

Hast thou not search'd my soul's profoundest thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

Leontius.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,
Unfit to share this night's illustrious toils?
To wait remote from action and from honour,
An idle list'ner to the distant cries
Of slaughter'd infidels, and clash of swords?
Tell me the cause, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall soar triumphant on the wings of Glory,
Despis'd and curs'd, Leontius must descend
Through hissing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the scorn of fools?

Demetrius.

Can brave Leontius be the slave of Glory?
Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praise;
I ask no witness, but attesting conscience,
No records, but the records of the sky.

Leontius.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the shore,
While I destroy th' oppressor of mankind?

Demetrius.

What canst thou boast superior to Demetrius?
Ask to whose sword the Greeks will trust their cause,
My name shall echo through the shouting field;
Demand whose force yon Turkish heroes dread,
The shudd'ring camp shall murmur out Demetrius.

Cali.

Must Greece, still wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice or factions?

Demetrius justly pleads a double title;
The lover's int'rest aids the patriot's claim.

Leontius.

My pride shall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

Demetrius.

I feel new spirit shoot along my nerves,
My soul expands to meet approaching freedom.
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye sacred shades of patriots and of martyrs!
All ye, whose blood tyrannic rage effused,
Or persecution drank, attend our call;
And from the mansions of perpetual peace
Descend, to sweeten labours once your own!

Cali.

Go then, and with united eloquence
Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Leon.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

How the new monarch, swell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

Cali.

Far be such black ingratitude from Cali!

When Asia's nations own me for their lord,
Wealth, and command, and grandeur, shall be thine.

Abdalla.

Is this the recompense reserv'd for me?
Dar'st thou thus dally with Abdalla's passion?
Henceforward hope no more my slighted friendship,
Wake from thy dream of pow'r to death and tortures,
And bid thy visionary throne farewell.

Cali.

Name, and enjoy thy wish.....

Abdalla.

I need not name it;
Aspasia's lovers know but one desire,
Nor hope, nor wish, nor live, but for Aspasia.

Cali.

That fatal beauty, plighted to Demetrius,
Heav'n makes not mine to give.

Abdalla.

Nor to deny.

Cali.

Obtain her, and possess; thou know'st thy rival.

Abdalla.

Too well I know him, since on Thracia's plains,
I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,
And saw my scatter'd squadrons fly before him.
Nor will I trust th' uncertain chance of combat;
The rights of princes let the sword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour;
Revenge and subtle jealousy shall teach
A surer passage to his hated heart.

Cali.

O spare the gallant Greek, in him we lose
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

Abdalla.

When next we meet, before we storm the palace,
The bowl shall circle to confirm our league ;
Then shall these juices taint Demetrius' draught,
[*Shewing a phial.*
And stream destructive through his freezing veins ;
Thus shall he live to strike th' important blow,
And perish ere he taste the joys of conquest.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

Mahomet.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleasure, and Irene !
The matchless fair has bless'd me with compliance ;
Let ev'ry tongue resound Irene's praise,
And spread the general transport through mankind.

Cali.

Blest prince, for whom indulgent Heavn ordains
At once the joys of paradise and empire,
Now join thy people's and thy Cali's prayers ;
Suspend thy passage to the seats of bliss,
Nor wish for Houries in Irene's arms.

Mahomet.

Forbear.....I know the long try'd faith of Cali.

Cali.

O ! could the eyes of kings, like those of Heav'n,
Search to the dark recesses of the soul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treason,
By smiles, and oahs, and praises, ill disguis'd.
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine.

Mustapha.

Yet, ere we give our loosen'd thoughts to rapture,
Let prudence obviate an impending danger;
Tainted by sloth, the parent of sedition,
The hungry Janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle sabre.

Mahomet.

To still their murmurs, ere the twentieth sun
Shall shed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I rouze to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then shall the Rhodian mourn his sinking tow'rs,
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble;
Then shall Venetia feel the Turkish pow'r,
And subject seas roar round their queen in vain.

Abdalla.

Then seize fair Italy's delightful coast,
To fix your standard in imperial Rome.

Mahomet.

Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,
To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,
To canonize the slaves of superstition,
And fill the world with follies and impostures,
Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.

O, could her sabled saints, and boasted prayers,
Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
How should I joy, 'midst the fierce shock of nations,
To cross the tow'rings of an equal soul
And bid the master genius rule the world!
Abdalla, Cali, go.....proclaim my purpose.

[*Exeunt* Cali *and* Abdalla.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

Mahomet.

Still Cali lives; and must he live tomorrow?
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

Mustapha.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,
Two faithful captains, Hasan and Caraza,
Pursue him through his labyrinths of treason,
And wait your summons to report his conduct.

Mahomet.

Call them.....but let them not prolong their tale,
Nor press too much upon a lover's patience.

[*Exit* Mustapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, *solus.*

Whene'er the hope, still blasted, still renew'd,
Of happiness lures on from toil to toil,

Remember Mahomet, and cease thy labour.
Behōld him here, in love, in war, successful,
Behold him wretched in his double triumph!
His fav'rite faithless, and his mistress base.
Ambition only gave her to my arms,
By reason not convinc'd, nor won by love.
Ambition was her crime; but meaner folly
Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on falsehood,
And idolize th' apostate I contemn.
If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
More than a pleasing sound without a meaning,
O happiness! sure thou art all Aspasia's.

SCENE VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, CARAZA.

Mahomet.

Caraza, speak.....have ye remark'd the Bassa?

Caraza.

Close, as we might unseen, we watch'd his steps;
His hair disorder'd, and his gait unequal,
Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
Sudden he stops, and inward turns his eyes,
Absorb'd in thought; then, starting from his trance,
Constrains a sullen smile, and shoots away.
With him Abdalla we beheld.....

Mustapha.

Abdalla!

Mahomet.

He wears of late resentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

Caraza.

We mark'd him storming in excess of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that concealed us,
An undistinguish'd sound of threat'ning rage.

Mustapha.

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great;
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treason levell'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in the grave.

Mahomet.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the sword of justice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their slaves restrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private passage
Convey him to the prison's inmost depths,
Reserv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt* Mahomet *and* Mustapha.

SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

Hasan.

Shall then the Greeks, unpunish'd and conceal'd,
Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs, and propagate sedition?

Caraza.

Whate'er their scheme, the Bassa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's strong ties restrain my tongue.

Hasan.

What ties to slaves! What gratitude to foes?

Caraza.

In that black day when slaughter'd thousands fell
Around these fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unresisted from the giant hand
Of stern Sebalias the triumphant crescent,
And dash'd the might of Asam from the ramparts.
There I became, nor blush to make it known,
The captive of his sword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with success,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkish captains;
But brave Demetrius scorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life.....

Hasan.

Do thou repay the gift,
Lest unrewarded mercy lose its charms.
Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When Heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, *solus.*

In these dark moments of suspended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country

Lies in the womb of Providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
O grant thy sacred influence, pow'rful Virtue!
Attentive rise, survey the fair creation,
Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the mists of care thy pinion tow'rs.
This calm, these joys, dear Innocence! are thine;
Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.

[*Enter* Irene *and* Attendants.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, *and Attendants.*

Irene.

See how the moon through all th' unclouded sky
Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews
Revive the languid flow'rs; thus nature shone
New from the Maker's hand, and fair array'd
In the bright colours of primeval spring;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearless in th' inviolated shades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is sure the smile of unoffended Heav'n.
Yet! why.....

Maid.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
Aspasia stands.....

Irene.

With melancholy mien,
Pensive, and envious of Irene's greatness.

Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations.....
But see, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Resumes th' imperious air of haughty Virtue.
Are these th' unceasing joys, th' unmingled pleasures
[*To* Aspasia.
For which Aspasia scorn'd the Turkish crown ?
Is this th' unshaken confidence in Heav'n ?
Is this the boasted bliss of conscious Virtue ?
When did content sigh out her cares in secret ?
When did Felicity repine in deserts ?

Aspasia.

Ill suits with guilt the gaities of triumph ;
When daring Vice insults eternal Justice,
The ministers of wrath forget compassion,
And snatch the flaming bolt with hasty hand.

Irene.

Forbear thy threats, proud Prophetess of ill,
Vers'd in the secret counsels of the sky.

Aspasia.

Forbear !.....But thou art sunk beneath reproach ;
In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
And all within is darkness and confusion.
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry side
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye ;
While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage,
Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.
[*Enter* Demetrius.

SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius.

Fly, fly, my Love! destruction rushes on us,
The rack expects us, and the sword pursues.

Aspasia.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

Demetrius.

Greece is no more; the prosperous tyrant lives,
Reserv'd for other lands, the scourge of Heav'n.

Aspasia.

Say, by what fraud, what force, were you defeated?
Betray'd by falsehood, or by crowds o'erborne?

Demetrius.

The pressing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla.....

Aspasia.

Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy.....Oh curs'd Aspasia,
Born to complete the ruin of her country!
Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece;
Oh, hide me from myself!

Demetrius.

Be fruitless grief
The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to seize
The breast where Virtue guards the throne of Peace.
Devolve, dear maid, thy sorrows on the wretch,
Whose fear, or rage, or treachery, betray'd us!

Irene, aside.

A private station may discover more ;
Then let me rid them of Irene's presence ;
Proceed, and give a loose to love and treason.

[*Withdraws.*

Aspasia.

Yet tell.

Demetrius.

To tell, or hear, were waste of life.

Aspasia.

The life, which only this design supported,
Were now well lost in hearing how you fail'd.

Demetrius.

Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Just as it reach'd my lips, a sudden cry
Urg'd me to dash it to the ground untouch'd,
And seize my sword with disencumber'd hand.

Aspasia.

What cry ? The stratagem ? Did then Abdalla.....

Demetrius.

At once a thousand passions fir'd his cheek !
Then all is past, he cry'd.....and darted from us ;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

Aspasia.

Why did you stay, deserted and betray'd ?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive ?

Demetrius.

Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary Bassa
Stood torpid in suspense ; but soon Abdalla

Return'd with force that made resistance vain,
And bade his new confederates seize the traitors.
Cali, disarm'd, was borne away to death;
Myself escap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

Aspasia.

O Greece! renown'd for science and for wealth,
Behold thy boasted honours snatch'd away.

Demetrius.

Though disappointment blast our general scheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call
The day disastrous that secures our flight;
Nor think that effort lost which rescues thee.

[*Enter* Abdalla.

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

Abdalla.

At length the prize is mine.....The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,
Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

Demetrius.

Cease this wild roar of savage exultation;
Advance, and perish in the frantic boast.

Aspasia.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;
Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;
Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

Demetrius.

What now remains ?

Aspasia.

It now remains to fly !

Demetrius.

Shall then the savage live, to boast his insult ;
Tell how Demetrius shunn'd his single hand,
And stole his life and mistress from his sabre ?

Abdalla.

Infatuate loiterer, has Fate in vain
Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death ;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in stupefaction !

Demetrius.

Forgive, my fair ; 'tis life, 'tis nature, calls ;
Now, traitor, feel the fear that chills my hand.

Aspasia.

'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

Abdalla.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight ;
The power of Turkey waits upon my call.
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

Demetrius.

Once more I dare thy sword ; behold the prize,
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.

[*Quitting* Aspasia.

Abdalla.

Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,

And try the hazard, that hast nought to stake;
Alike my death or thine is gain to thee;
But soon thou shalt repent; another moment
Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee.

[*Exit hastily* Abdalla.

SCENE V.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

Irene.

Abdalla fails; now, Fortune, all is mine. [*Aside.*
Haste, Murza, to the palace, let the Sultan
[*To one of her attendants,*
Despatch his guards to stop the flying traitors,
While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful.
[*Exit* Murza.
This lucky stratagem shall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.*
Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

Demetrius.

Behold a boaster's worth! Now snatch, my fair,
The happy moment; hasten to the shore,
Ere he return with thousands at his side.

Aspasia.

In vain I listen to th' inviting call
Of freedom and of love; my trembling joints,
Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.
Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee;
Forsake a wretch abandon'd to despair,
To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

Demetrius.

Let us not struggle with th' eternal will,
Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins;
Come, haste and live.....Thy innocence and truth
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate Heav'n.

Irene.

Press not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuse their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary wo;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

Aspasia.

Oh! rather, scornful of flagitious greatness,
Resolve to share our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile,
Leave slavery, guilt, and infamy behind.

Irene.

My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd Virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind;
Assist her efforts with thy strong persuasion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd Vice shall tyrannize no more.

Demetrius.

Remember peace and anguish are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and Heav'n and Hell.

Aspasia.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatness,

Demetrius.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
Kind Heav'n affords thee, and inviting Mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

Irene.

Stay.....in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reason, and the clouds of passion,
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns;
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will spread resistless light upon my soul.

Demetrius.

But since none knows the danger of a moment,
And Heav'n forbids to lavish life away,
Let kind compulsion terminate the contest.

[*Seizing her hand.*

Ye Christian captives, follow me to freedom;
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

Irene.

Whence is this violence?

Demetrius.

Your calmer thought
Will teach a gentler term.

Irene.

Forbear this rudeness,
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's Queen;
Fly, slaves, and call the Sultan to my rescue.

Demetrius.

Farewell, unhappy maid; may ev'ry joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

Aspasia.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,

Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest prayer to pitying Heav'n.

[*Exeunt* Dem. Asp. *with part of the attendants.*

SCENE VI.

[IRENE *walks at a distance from her attendants.*]

After a pause.

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain,
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of Heav'n,
Perhaps even now the lovers unpursu'd
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging main.
To guide thy passage shall th' aërial spirits
Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze;
Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its beams,
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue;
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and shudder at myself.
How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex,
Well pleas'd to search the treasures of remembrance,
And live her guiltless moments o'er anew!
Come, let us seek new pleasures in the palace,

[*To her attendants, going off.*

Till soft fatigue invite us to repose.

SCENE VII.

[*Enter* MUSTAPHA, *meeting and stopping her.*]

Mustapha.

Fair Falsehood, stay.

Irene.

What dream of sudden power
Has taught my slave the language of command !
Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second pardon.

Mustapha.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd ?

Irene.

Thy look, thy speech, thy action, all is wildness.....
Who charges guilt on me ?

Mustapha.

Who charges guilt !
Ask of thy heart ; attend the voice of Conscience.....
Who charges guilt ! lay by this proud resentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus usurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

Irene.

Whate'er thy accusation,
The Sultan is my judge.

Mustapha.

That hope is past ;
Hard was the strife of justice and of love ;
But now 'tis o'er, and justice has prevail'd.
Know'st thou not Cali ? know'st thou not Demetrius ?

Irene.

Bold slave, I know them both.....I know them traitors.

Mustapha.

Perfidious !.....yes.....too well thou know'st them traitors.

Irene.

Their treason throws no stain upon Irene.
This day has prov'd my fondness for the Sultan ;
He knew Irene's truth.

Mustapha.

The Sultan knows it,
He knows how near apostacy to treason.....
But 'tis not mine to judge.....I scorn and leave thee.
I go, lest vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood too mean to stain a soldier's sabre.

[*Exit* Mustapha.

Irene, to her attendants.

Go, blust'ring slave.....He has not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous message frees me from suspicion.

SCENE VIII.

Enter HASAN, CARAZA, *with Mutes, who throw the black robe upon* IRENE, *and sign to her attendants to withdraw.*

Hasan.

Forgive, fair Excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue, that, forc'd by strong necessity,
Bids beauty, such as thine, prepare to die.

Irene.

What wild mistake is this ! Take hence with speed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.

Quick from my sight, you inauspicious monsters,
Nor dare henceforth to shock Irene's walks.

Hasan.

Alas! they come commanded by the Sultan,
Th' unpitying minister of Turkish justice,
Nor dare to spare the life his frown condemns.

Irene.

Are these the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with sudden violence on kingdoms,
And spread their flames resistless o'er the world?
What sleepy charms benumb these active heroes,
Depress their spirits, and retard their speed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring punishment,
Aspasia now, within her lover's arms,
Securely sleeps, and in delightful dreams
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

Caraza.

We come, bright Virgin, though relenting Nature
Shrinks at the hated task, for thy destruction;
When summon'd by the Sultan's clam'rous fury,
We ask'd with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's name,
He struck his tortur'd breast, and roar'd, Irene!
We started at the sound, again inquir'd;
Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene!

Irene.

Whence is this rage? What barb'rous tongue has wrong'd me?
What fraud misleads him? Or what crimes incense?

Hasan.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his master's death.

Irene.

Irene's chamber! from my faithful bosom
Far be the thought.....But hear my protestation.

Caraza.

'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge,
Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,
Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

Irene.

Some ill designing statesman's base intrigue!
Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourselves the villains that defame me,
Now haste to murder, ere returning thought
Recall th' extorted doom.....It must be so;
Confess your crime, or lead me to the Sultan,
There dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser;
Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, ev'ry change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

[*Enter* Abdalla; *he stops short and listens.*

SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

Abdalla, aside.

All is not lost, Abdalla; see the queen,
See the last witness of thy guilt and fear
Enrob'd in death.....Despatch her, and be great.

Caraza.

Unhappy fair! compassion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;

While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,
The fraudful moments ply their silent wings,
And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.
The raging Sultan burns till our return,
Curses the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

Abdalla.

Is then your sov'reign's life so cheaply rated,
That thus you parley with detected treason?
Should she prevail to gain the Sultan's presence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;
Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge;
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blast Abdalla.

Irene.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition.
My hopes, my wishes, terminate in life,
A little life, for grief, and for repentance.

Abdalla.

I mark'd her wily messenger afar,
And saw him skulking in the closest walks;
I guess'd her dark designs and warn'd the Sultan,
And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

Hasan.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime;
Deem us not deaf to wo, nor blind to beauty,
That thus-constrain'd we speed the stroke of death.

[*Beckons the Mutes.*

Irene.

O, name not death! Distraction and amazement,
Horror and agony, are in that sound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'rers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on some pathless shore,
Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,
Let slav'ry harass, and let hunger gripe.

Caraza.

Could we reverse the sentence of the Sultan,
Our bleeding bosoms plead Irene's cause.
But cries and tears are vain; prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.

[*The Mutes at the sign lay hold of her.*

Abdalla.

Despatch, ye ling'ring slaves; or nimbler hands,
Quick at my call shall execute your charge;
Despatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

Irene.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous Heav'n repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happiness eternal.

Caraza.

The prayer I cannot grant.....I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains. [*Signs again to the Mutes.*

Irene.

Unutterable anguish!
Guilt and Despair, pale spectres, grin around me,
And stun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all pitying Heav'n,
These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life;

Nor let the crimes of this detested day
Be charg'd upon my soul. O, mercy! mercy!

[*Mutes force her out.*

SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

Abdalla, aside.

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breast be calm.
Now shalt thou shine the darling of the Sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

Hasan to Caraza.

Does not thy bosom, for I know thee tender,
A stranger to th' oppressor's savage joy,
Melt at Irene's fate, and share her woes?

Caraza.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and sadden all my soul.
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The stormy Sultan rages at our stay.

Abdalla.

Frame your report with circumspective art;
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience;
But let no thoughtless hint involve Abdalla.

Caraza.

What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the Sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why should he, whose violence of duty
Has serv'd his prince so well, demand our silence?

Abdalla.

Perhaps my zeal, too fierce, betray'd my prudence ;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commission ;
Perhaps.....I will not stoop to plead my cause,
Or argue with the slave that sav'd Demetrius.

Caraza.

From his escape learn thou the pow'r of virtue ;
Nor hope his fortune, while thou want'st his worth.

Hasan.

The Sultan comes, still gloomy, still enrag'd.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

Mahomet.

Where's this fair trait'ress? Where's this smiling mischief,
Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind ?

Hasan.

Thine orders, mighty Sultan ! are perform'd,
And all Irene now is breathless clay.

Mahomet.

Your hasty zeal defrauds the claim of justice,
And disappointed vengeance burns in vain.
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death.
Was this the maid whose love I bought with empire ?
True, she was fair ; the smile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek.....So shone the first apostate.....

Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Just as the rack forc'd out his struggling soul,
Name for the scene of death, Irene's chamber?

Mustapha.

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treason,
Then in short sighs forsook his broken frame.

Mahomet.

Decreed to perish in Irene's chamber!
There had she lull'd me with endearing falsehoods,
Clasp'd in her arms, or slumb'ring on her breast,
And bar'd my bosom to the ruffian's dagger.

SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA, ABDALLA.

Murza.

Forgive, great Sultan! that, by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy message from Irene.

Mahomet.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some soft decoy to lure me to destruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treason,
Declare thy message, and expect thy doom.

Murza.

The queen requested that a chosen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive mistress here.

Mustapha.

The Greek Demetrius! whom th' expiring Bassa
Declar'd the chief associate of his guilt!

Mahomet.

A chosen troop.....to intercept.....Demetrius.....
The queen requested.....Wretch, repeat the message ;
And, if one varied accent prove thy falsehood,
Or but one moment's pause betray confusion,
Those trembling limbs.....Speak out, thou shiv'ring traitor.

Murza.

The queen requested.....

Mahomet.

Who ? the dead Irene ?
Was she then guiltless ! has my thoughtless rage
Destroy'd the fairest workmanship of Heav'n !
Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidst her kind solicitudes for me !
Ye slaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage,
[*To* Has. *and* Car.
Ye blind officious ministers of folly,
Could not her charms repress your zeal for murder ?
Could not her pray'rs, her innocence, her tears,
Suspend the dreadful sentence for an hour ?
One hour had freed me from the fatal error !
One hour had sav'd me from despair and madness.

Caraza.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your presence,
Urg'd us to speed, and bade us banish pity,
Nor trust our passions with her fatal charms.

Mahomet.

What hadst thou lost by slighting those commands ?
Thy life, perhaps.....Were but Irene spar'd,

Well if a thousand lives like thine had perish'd ;
Such beauty, sweetness, love, were cheaply bought
With half the grov'ling slaves that load the globe.

Mustapha.

Great is thy wo ! But think, illustrious Sultan,
Such ills are sent for souls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Rush to the war, display thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

Mahomet.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wish'd to triumph,
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion ;
Success and conquest now are empty sounds,
Remorse and anguish seize on all my breast ;
Those groves, whose shades embower'd the dear Irene,
Heard her last cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the tasteless world for ever.

[Mahomet *goes back, and returns.*

Yet, ere I quit the sceptre of dominion,
Let one just act conclude the hateful day.
Hew down, ye guards, those vassals of destruction,

[*Pointing to* Hasan *and* Caraza.

Those hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill,
Bear off with eager haste th' unfinish'd sentence,
And speed the stroke, lest mercy should o'ertake them

Caraza.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth.

Mahomet.

Hear ! shall I hear thee ! didst thou hear Irene ?

Caraza.

Hear but a moment.

Mahomet.

Hadst thou heard a moment,
Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou hadst spar'd Irene.

Caraza.

I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

Mahomet.

And wish'd.....be still thy fate to wish in vain.

Caraza.

I heard, and soften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her destruction.

Mahomet.

Abdalla brought her doom ! Abdalla brought it !
The wretch, whose guilt, declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance ;
Abdalla brought her doom !

Hasan.

Abdalla brought it,
While yet she begg'd to plead her cause before thee.

Mahomet.

O seize me, Madness.....Did she call on me !
I feel, I see the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He seiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And stopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My spirits fail ; awhile support me, Vengeance.....
Be just, ye slaves ; and, to be just, be cruel ;
Contrive new racks, imbitter ev'ry pang.
Inflict whatever treason can deserve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[*Exit* Mahomet ; Abdalla *is dragged off.*

SCENE XIII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

Mustapha to Murza.

What plagues, what tortures, are in store for thee,
Thou sluggish idler, dilatory slave !
Behold the model of consummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

Murza.

Such was the will of Heav'n.....A band of Greeks,
That mark'd my course, suspicious of my purpose,
Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and unarm'd,
Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me, till Demetrius set me free.

Mustapha.

So sure the fall of greatness, rais'd on crimes !
So fix'd the justice of all conscious Heav'n !
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy ;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heav'n shall guide it to the guilty heart.

EPILOGUE,

BY SIR WILLIAM YOUNG.

MARRY a Turk ! a haughty, tyrant king !
Who thinks us women born to dress and sing
To please his fancy ! see no other man !
Let him persuade me to it.....if he can ;
Besides, he has fifty wives, and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry share ?

'Tis true, the fellow's handsome, straight, and tall,
But how the devil should he please us all !
My swain is little.....true.....but, be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their errors blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to speak her mind.
I swear this Eastern pageantry is nonsense,
And for one man.....one wife's enough of concience.

In vain proud man usurps what's woman's due ;
For us alone, they honour's paths pursue ;
Inspir'd by us, they glory's heights ascend ;
Woman the source, the object, and the end.
Though wealth, and pow'r, and glory, they receive,
These all are trifles to what we can give.
For us the statesman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilsome days, and wakes long tedious nights ;
And, when blest peace has silenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in Beauty's arms.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, APRIL 5, 1750, BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

ACTED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MILTON'S GRAND DAUGHTER.*

YE patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustine times,
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage,
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;

* See Vol IX. p. 131.

And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
Ambitious, catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow,
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below;
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold,
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring Muse her morning dreams inspire;
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus, grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert.....beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE GOOD NATURED MAN, 1769.

Prest by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,

With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain ;
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care ;
Like Cesar's pilot, dignify'd by fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great ;
Distrest alike the stasesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same ;
Disabled both to combat or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail ;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobler's vote."
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet ; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe ;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet, judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill persuading gold ;
But, confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE COMEDY OF

A WORD TO THE WISE.*

SPOKEN BY MR. HULL.

This night presents a play which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage.†
From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the dead.
A gen'rous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just.
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment ev'ry claim appease,
And him, who cannot hurt, allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only.....'tis too late to praise.

* Performed at Covent Garden theatre, in 1777, for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Esq. (the author of the play) and her children.

† Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, a party assembled to damn it, and succeeded.

If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss.....the poet cannot hear.
By all like him must praise and blame be found,
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
When liberal pity dignify'd delight ;
When Pleasure fir'd her torch at Virtue's flame,
And Mirth was Bounty with an humbler name.

SPRING,

AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife ;
And Nature on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of life.
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure with the laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.
Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic* tyranny consigns ;
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Though rapture sings and beauty shines.
Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades,
Where .....'s humble turrets rise.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.
Here let me through the vales pursue
A guide.....a father.....and a friend,
Once more great Nature's works renew,
Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.
From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd.....when most improv'd.
Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The gen'rous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.
When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.
But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright Wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

MIDSUMMER,

AN ODE.

O PHOEBUS! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,

Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.
Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling air,
And cheer me with a lambent light.
Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.
Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.
Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.
Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs.....murmuring brooks return.
Let me when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN,

AN ODE.

Alas! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.
'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a clouded brow;
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.
The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.
The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths, are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd with rain,
Nor health nor pleasure, wanders there.
No more while through the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.
From this capricious crime she soars,
Oh! would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.
Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward season's iron reign,

Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.
What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phoebus fail?
Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour!
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.
Haste.....press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray;
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.
Still.....still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And ev'ry bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER,

AN ODE.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.
The ling'ring hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phoebus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow topt cot, the frozen rill.
No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths, now sought in vain.
Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.
In nature's aid, let art supply,
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.
Let music sound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.
Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm.....though Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.
Catch, then, Oh! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer.....man a flower;
He dies.....alas! how soon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

Behold, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!
Nor only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter! is thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.
Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frighted Love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.
In groundless hope, and causless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.
Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

TO MISS *****

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK NET WORK PURSE OF HER OWN WEAVING.*

Though gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,

* Printed among Mrs. William's Miscellanies.

In vain the varied work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine ;
Thy hand, that knows the subtler art
To weave those nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine ;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glitt'ring vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed ?

TO MISS *****

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD IN A ROOM HUNG WITH FLOWER PIECES OF HER OWN PAINTING.*

When Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where Beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never fading flowers,
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound ;
Ah ! think not, in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flow'r ;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.
When charms thus press on ev'ry sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence ?

* Printed among Mrs. William's Miscellanies.

Deceitful hope, and vain desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on those regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid;
Mark when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well accorded strife
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same;
Thy music teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

EVENING; AN ODE.

TO STELLA.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the checker'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love.
Stella, thither let us stray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phoebus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the Queen of Night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades,
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others wo,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth, or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with less expense
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
If those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress,
E'er can make, or more, or less.

TO A FRIEND.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep ;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
Oh ! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys !
To purchase Heaven has gold the power ?
Can gold remove the mortal hour ?
In life can love be bought with gold ?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold ?
No.....all that's worth a wish.....a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the Muses' moral lay ;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl ;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty.....blest.
Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled ;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content ;
And scorn ! oh ! let that scorn be thine !
Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

When lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs, who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.
"Fate! snatch away the bright disguise,
And let the goddess trust her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful Fair,
And Fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But, brighten'd by the sable dress,
As virtue rises in distress,
Since Stella still extends her reign,
Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?
Th' adoring Youth and envious Fair,
Henceforth shall form one common pray'r;
And love and hate alike implore
The skies....."That Stella mourn no more."

TO STELLA.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,

Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, king's, or poet's, claim ;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve ;
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame, I prize ;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge, I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain ;
In lovely Stella all combine ;
And, lovely Stella ! thou art mine.

VERSES.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN TO WHOM A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.*

WHAT hopes, what terrors, does thy gift create ?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate !
The myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand,
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects, a lover's pray'r.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads.

* These verses were first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1768, p. 439, but were written many years earlier. Elegant as they are, Dr. Johnson assured me, they were composed in the short space of five minutes. N.

Oh ! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

TO LADY FIREBRACE,*

AT BURY ASSIZES.

At length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
So long renown'd in B.....n's deathless strain ?
Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre ;
For, such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a *Muse* and *Grace*.

TO LYCE, AN ELDERLY LADY.

Ye nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flatt'ring poets given,
Who shine, by lavish lovers drest,
In all the pomp of Heaven ;

* This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town. She became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name, to whom she brought a fortune of twenty five thousand pounds, July 26, 1737 Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Esq uncle to the present Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1782.

Engross not all the beams on high,
  Which gild a lover's lays,
But, as your sister of the sky,
  Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
  Her brows a cloudy show,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
  And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
  She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
  And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
  Denies my Lyce shines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
  Attack my gentle lines.

Yet, spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
  And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
  And I but flatter less.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. ROBERT LEVET,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine,
  As on we toil from day to day,

By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The pow'r of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day.....the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;

His frame was firm.....his powers were bright,
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then, with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

EPITAPH ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN.*

PHILLIPS ! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;
Sleep undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

EPITAPHIUM †

IN

THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri, è Peregrinâ Henrici

* These lines are among Mrs Williams's Miscellanies; they are nevertheless recognised as Johnson's in a memorandum of his hand writing, and were probably written at her request. Phillips was a travelling fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his peformance.

† At Hanmer church, in Flintshire.

North
De Mildenhall in Com. Suffolciæ Baronetti sorore
et hærede,
Filius ;
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti
Hæres patruelis
Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo et patrimonio successit.
Duas uxores fortitus est ;
Alteram Isabellam, honore à patre derivato, de
Arlington comitissam,
Deindè celsissimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam
dotariam :
Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Foulkes de Barton in
Com. Suff. armigeri
Filiam et hæredem.
Inter humanitates studia felicitèr enutritus,
Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.
Postquam excessit ex ephebis,
Continuò inter populares suos famâ eminens
Et comitatûs sui legatus ad Parliamentum missus,
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta
se accinxit :
Cumque apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire,
Sed *probè* perpensa dissertè expromere,
Orator gravis et pressus ;
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude
commendatus,
Æquè omnium, utcunque inter se alioqui dissidentium,
Aures atque animos attraxit.

Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ,
Felicissimæ florentissimæque memoriæ reginâ,
Ad Prolocutoris cathedram
Communi Senatûs universi voce designatus est :
Quod munus,
Cum nullo tempore non difficile,
Tum illo certè, negotiis
Et variis et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum,
Cum dignitate sustinuit.
Honores alios, et omnia quæ sibi in lucrum cederent munera,
Sedulò detrectavit,
Ut rei totus inserviret publicæ ;
Justi rectique tenax,
Et fide in patriam incorruptâ notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civemque bonum decent, officiis satisfecisset,
Paulatim se à publicis consiliis in otium recipiens,
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud insuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus,
Honorificè consenuit ;
Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit,
Desideratissimus obiit.
Hic, juxta cineres avi, suos condi voluit, et curavit,
Gulielmus Bunbury B^ms nepos et hæres.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE EPITAPH,

BY DR. JOHNSON.*

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at the tomb where HANMER's ashes lie ;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth ;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade ;
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state ;
In ev'ry speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd ;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the senate's choice,
Who hail'd him speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age ! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair.....and ANNE the throne !

* This paraphrase is inserted in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. The Latin is there said to be written by Dr. Freind. Of the person whose memory it celebrates, a copious account may be seen in the appendix to the supplement to the Biographia Britannica.

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd.....
Beheld with love.....with veneration heard.

This task perform'd.....he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost ;
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal and wise anxiety ;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
With honour sated, and with cares opprest ;
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestic worth ;
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience, then, his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
Till Nature call'd him to the gen'ral doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

TO MISS HICKMAN,*

PLAYING ON THE SPINNET.

Bright Stella, form'd for universal reign,
Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain ;
When in your eyes resistless lightnings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to despotic sway ;
But when your music soothes the raging pain,
We bid propitious Heaven prolong your reign,
We bless the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king ;
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room, in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by music's dreadful pow'r,
He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire ;
No more delighted with destructive war,
Ambitious only now to please the fair ;
Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,
And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms.

* These lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, son to Mrs. Turton, the lady to whom they are addressed by her maiden name of Hickman, must have been written at least as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marriage ; at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnson's life, they may have been written, is not known.

PARAPHRASE OF PROVERBS, CHAP. VI.

Verses 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

*" Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard."**

Turn on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise ;
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice ;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day ;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigor, and enchain thy pow'rs ;
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose ?
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till want, now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

HORACE, LIB. IV. ODE VII.

TRANSLATED.

The snow, dissolv'd, no more is seen,
The fields and woods, behold ! are green ;
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again ;

* In Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, but now printed from the original in Dr. Johnson's own hand writing.

The sprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace ;
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man ;
Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,
Spring yields to summer's sov'reign ray ;
Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again ;
Her losses soon the moon supplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
Will toss us in a morning more ?
What with your friend you nobly share
At least you rescue from your heir.
Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
Or virtue, shall restore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
Diana calls to life in vain ;
Nor can the might of Theseus rend
The chains of Hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

The following TRANSLATIONS, PARODIES, *and* BURLESQUE VERSES, *most of them extempore, are taken from* ANECDOTES *of Dr.* JOHNSON; *published by Mrs.* PIOZZI.

ANACREON, ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way;
Is it business? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.
Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove bestow'd;
Vested with a master's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you see,
Weighty charge consign'd to me;
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward;
Smiling at my master's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the lib'ral grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine?

Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed;
Now my better lot bestows
Sweet repast, and soft repose;
Now the gen'rous bowl I sip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip;
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers snatch his bread;
Then, with luscious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine, as courage springs,
O'er his face extend my wings;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drop asleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canst not know;
Let me now my pinions ply,
I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES

WRITTEN IN RIDICULE OF CERTAIN POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1777.

WHERESOE'ER I turn my view,
All is strange, yet nothing new;
Endless labour all along;
Endless labour to be wrong;
Phrase that time hath flung away,
Uncouth words in disarray,

Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

PARODY OF A TRANSLATION

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

Err shall they not, who resolute explore,
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
And, scanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They to the dome where smoke, with curling play,
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the singer blithe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet, or shrill,
By quiv'ring string, or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre.....to their harsh bosoms chill
Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
Her baleful eyes where Sorrow rolls around;
Where gloom enamour'd Mischief loves to dwell,
And Murder, all blood bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
And purple nectar glads the festive hour;
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to music's soothing pow'r.

TRANSLATION

Of the two first Stanzas of the Song " Rio verde, Rio verde," *printed in Bishop* PERCY'S *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. An* IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glassy water,
Down whose current, clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian, roll along.

IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF ****

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way.

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

BURLESQUE

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES OF LOPEZ DE VEGA.

AN IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermosa

O el de flaco averguençe
O ella di fer mas furiosa.

If the man, who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES AT THE END OF BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEOLOGY....AN IMPROMPTU.

Viva viva la padrona !
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella ;
Tutta bella e tutta buona ;
Viva ! viva la padrona !

Long may live my lovely Hetty !
Always young, and always pretty ;
Always pretty, always young,
Live, my lovely Hetty, long !
Always young, and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING DISTICH ON THE DUKE OF MODENA'S RUNNING AWAY FROM THE COMET IN 1742 OR 1743.

Se al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì ..... durate un anno.

If at your coming princes disappear,
Comets ! come every day ..... and stay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES OF M. BENSERADE, A SON LIT.

Theatre des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit ! où je nais, et où je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,
Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die ;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human wo.

EPITAPH FOR MR. HOGARTH.

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential form of grace ;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT REPRESENTING PERSONS SKATING.

Sur un mince chrystal l'hyver conduit leurs pas,
Le précipice est sous la glace ;
Telle est de nos plaisirs la legere surface ;
Glissez, mortels ; n'appuyez pas.

O'er ice the rapid skater flies,
With sport above, and death below ;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

OF THE SAME.

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play ;
O'er treach'rous Pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim and haste away.

TO MRS. THRALE,

ON HER COMPLETING HER THIRTY FIFTH YEAR.

AN IMPROMPTU.

Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty five ;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty five !

Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty five.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

OF AN AIR IN THE CLEMENZA DE TITO OF METASTASIO, BEGINNING, "Deh se piacermi vuoi."

Would you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teasing doubts depart;
He, who blindly trusts, will find
Faith from ev'ry gen'rous mind;
He, who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANSLATION

OF THE SPEECH OF AQUILEIO IN THE ADRIANO OF METASTASIO, BEGINNING "tu che in corte invenchiasti."

Grown old in courts, thou surely art not one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
Well skill'd to soothe a foe with looks of kindness,
To sink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with seeming friendship;
Open to all, true only to thyself,
Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious praise,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne;
That leave the blame of rigor to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit;
That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,
And only build upon another's ruin.

POEMATA.

MESSIA.*

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantùm versificator.
SCALIG. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ
Nil mortale loquor ; cœlum mihi carminis alta
Materies ; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
Muscosi fontes, sylvestria tecta valete,
Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi ;
Tu, mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti
Sidereâ Isaiæ, dignos accende furores !
Immatura calens rapitur per secula vates
Sic orsus.....Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo !
Virgo ! virgo parit ! felix radicibus arbor
Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores
Cœlestes lambunt animæ, ramisque columba,
Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.

* This translation has been severely criticised by Dr. Warton, in his edition of Pope, vol. i. p. 105. 8vo. 1797. It certainly contains some expressions that are not classical. Let it be remembered, however, that it was a college exercise, performed with great rapidity, and was at first praised beyond all suspicion of defect. *C.*

Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cœlum
Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.
Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste,
Dia falutares spirant medicamina rami ;
Hic requies fessis ; non sacra sævit in umbra
Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.
Irrita vanescent prisca vestigia fraudis
Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
Attollet reducis ; bellis prætendet olivas
Compositis pax alma suas, terrasque revisens
Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu ;
Volvantur celeres anni ! lux purpuret ortum
Expectata diu ! naturæ claustra refringens,
Nascere, magne puer ! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
Altius, en ! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,
En ! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deserti lætâ mollescunt aspera voce
Auditur Deus ! ecce Deus ! reboantia circum
Saxa sonant, Deus ! ecce Deus ! deflectitur æther.
Demissumque Deum tellus capit ; ardua cedrus,
Gloria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.
Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes !
Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus ;
En ! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates
En ! salvator adest ; vultus agnoscite cæci
Divinos, surdos sacra vox permulceat aures.
Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,

Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen ;
Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis :
Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat curos.
Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria ; pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem
Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
Ut qua dulce strepent scatebræ, qua lata virescunt
Pascua, qua blandum spirat purissimus aer,
Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos
Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,
Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes ;
Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
Hostiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis ;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triste coruscabit radiis ; dabit hasta recusa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret area messem,
Et seræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Attoniti dumeta vident inculto coloni

Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis.
Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo qua vallis sente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ ; palmisque rubeta
Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles sociata lupo lasciviet agna,
Cumque leono petet tutus præsepe juvencus.
Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trisulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
Tolle Salema sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ !
En ! formosa tibi spatiosa per atria, proles
Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis ;
Barbarus en ! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ !
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii ; tibi balsama sudat Idume.
Ætheris en portas sacro fulgore micantes

Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina prorompunt; non posthac sole rubescet
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet; radios pater ipse diei
Proferet archetypos; cœlestis gaudia lucis
Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deseret æquor;
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, solidique liquescent robora montis;
Tu secura tamen confusa elementa videbis,
Lætaque Messia semper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

[Jan. 20, 21, 1773.]

Vitæ qui varias vices
Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
Læto cedere lumini
Noctis tristitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
Acri sanguine turgidos,
Obductosque oculos nubibus humidis
Sanari voluit meos.
Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
Luci reddidit et mihi.
Qua te laude, Deus qua prece prosequar?
Sacri discipulus libri
Te semper studiis utilibus colam;
Grates, summe Pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[Dec. 25, 1779.]

Nunc dies Christo memoranda nato
Fulsit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium sacro fluat, et benigni
Gratia Cœli!

Christe da tutam trepido quietem,
Christe, spem præsta stabilem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibusque fidis
Annue, Christe.

[In Lecto, die Passionis. Apr. 15, 1781.]

Summe Deus, qui semper amas quodcunque creâsti;
Judice quo, scelerum est pœnituisse salus;
Da veteres noxas animo sic flere novato,
Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

[In Lecto. Dec. 25, 1782.]

Spe non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;
Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur solatium.

[Nocte, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783.*]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore Numen ‡
Hoc statuat, ‖ precibus § Christus adesse velit;
Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa rogâsse, ¶
Qua solum potero parte, placere ** tibi.

[Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.]

SUMME dator vitæ, naturæ æterne magister,
Causarum series quo moderante fluit,
Respice quem subiget senium, morbique seniles.
Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua suæ,
Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet, ævi;
Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne parens.

PATER benigne, summa semper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva;
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,

* The night above referred to by Dr. Johnson was that in which a paralytic stroke had deprived him of his voice; and, in the anxiety he felt lest it should likewise have impaired his understanding, he composed the above lines, and said, concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then that he deemed his discerning this to be sufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it shewed him that his power of judging was not diminished.

† Al. tuæ. ‡ Al. leges. ‖ Al. statuant.
§ Al. votis. ¶ Al. precari. ** Al. litare.

Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul ;
Veniam petenti, summe da veniam, pater ;
Veniæque sancta pacis adde gaudia ;
Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam ;
Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus suâ.

[Jan. 18, 1784.]

Summe Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,
Anxietas noceat ne tenebrosa mihi.
In me sparsa manu virtutum semina larga
Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.
Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset,
Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.
Certa vetat dubitare fides, spes læta timere,
Velle vetet cuiquam non bene sanctus amor.
Da, ne sint permissa, pater, mihi præmia frustra,
Et colere, et leges semper amare tuas.
Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo secula, Christe, piâsti,
Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo !

[Feb. 27, 1784.]

Mens mea quid quereris ? veniet tibi mollior hora,
In summo ut videas numine læta patrem ;
Divinam insontes iram placavit Jesus ;
Nunc est pro pœna pœnituisse reis.

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

Qui cupit in sanctos Christo cogente referri,
Abstergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec fastu tumidus, semperque futuro
Instet, et evellens terroris spicula corde,
Suspiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.
Huic quoque, nec genti nec sectæ noxius ulli,
Sit sacer orbis amor, miseris qui semper adesse
Gestiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clausus,
Cunctorum ignoscat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto sacer ignis pectore, possit
Ut vitam, poscat si res, impendere vero.
Cura placere Deo sit prima, sit ultima, sanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat servare tenorem;
Et sibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Displiceat, servet tutum sub pectore rectum;
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, sed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Christo, mortalia temnens.
Sed timeat semper, cavcatque ante omnia, turbæ
Ne stolidæ similis, leges sibi segreget audax
Quas servare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte sua demens; nihilum decedere summæ
Vult Deus, at qui cuncta debit tibi, cuncta reposcit.
Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua nisu,
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente serena
Pergit, et imperiis sentit se dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit.
Effigiemque Dei, quantum servare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœlestia spirat.

Æterne rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator ;
Felicitatis sedibus
Qui nec scelestos exigis,
Quoscumque scelerum pœnitet ;
Da, Christe, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Christe, da mihi ;
Ægrum trahenti spiritum
Succurre præsens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine
Mentem benignus alleva.

Luce collustret mihi pectus alma,
Pellat et tristes animi tenebras,
Nec sinat semper tremere ac dolore,
Gratia Christi ;
Me pater tandem reducem benigno
Summus amplexu foveat, beato
Me gregi sanctus socium beatum
Spiritus addat.

JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

Serviat ut menti corpus jejunia serva,
Ut mens utatur corpore, sume cibos.

AD URBANUM.* 1738.

Urbane, nullis fesse laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,
Cui fronte sertum in erudita
Perpetuo virct, et virebit;
Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,
Vacare solis pcrge Musis,
Juxta animo studiisque fœlix.
Linguæ procacis plumbea spicula,
Fidens, superbo frange silentio;
Victrix per obstantes catervas
Sedulitas animosa tendet.
Intende ncrvos fortis, inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus emuli;
Intende jam ncrvos, habebis,
Participes opera camœnas.
Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.
Texente nymphis serta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
Immista, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. VIII. p. 156; and see also the Introduction to Vol LIV.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICHFELDIÆ DIFFLUENTEM.

Errat adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
Hic delusa rudi frustrabar brachia motu,
Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebrisque diurnis
Pendula secretas abdidit arbor aquas.
Nunc veteres duris periêre securibus umbræ,
Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennis,
Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.*

[Post Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.]

Lexicon ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut dixit, tenuis pertæsus opellæ,
Vile indignatus studium, nugasque molestas,
Ingemit exosus, scribendaque lexica mandat
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.
Ille quidem recte, sublimis, doctus et acer,
Quem decuit majora sequi, majoribus aptum,
Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina vatum,
Gesserat et quicquid virtus, sapientia quicquid,

* See the Life of Dr. Johnson, p. 62.

Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
Ingentemque animo seclorum volveret orbem.
Fallimur exemplis ; temere sibi turba scholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.
Quisque suum nôrit modulum ; tibi prime, virorum
Ut studiis sperem, aut ausim par esse querelis,
Non mihi sorte datum ; lenti seu sanguinis obsint
Frigora, seu nimium longa jacuisse veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.
Te sterili functum cura, vocumque salebris
Tuto eluctatum spatiis sapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
Linguarumque omni terra discordia concors
Multiplici reducem circum sonatore magistrum.
Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
Desidiæ sors dura manet, graviorque labore
Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia mensæ,
Nunc loca sola placent ; frustra te, Somne, recumbens
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuensque diei.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia lustro,
Si qua usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogo ;
Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.
Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat.
Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
Copia, Phidiaci fæcunda potentia cœli.

Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat
Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.
Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens
Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis,
Nec sibi de gaza præsens quod postulat usus
Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce ;
Non operum serie seriem dum computat ævi,
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
Ipse sui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ ;
Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late
Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.
Quid faciam ? tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam
Restat ? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax ?
Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam ?

AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM,

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur.

Fateris ergo, quod populus solet
Crepare væcors, nil sapientiam
Prodesse vitæ, literasque ;
In dubiis dare terga rebus.

Tu, queis laborat sors hominum, mala,
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
Te mille succorum potentem
Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
Torpesque, languescisque, curis
Solicitus nimis heu! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus satis est datum,
Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
Te, docta, Laurenti; vetustas,
Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quicquid habes patri,
Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
Amice, majorem querelis
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, March 8, 1771.

Tertii verso quater orbe lustri,
Quid theatrales tibis, Crispe, pompæ?
Quam decet canos male litteratos
Sera voluptas!

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
Tene cantorum modulis stupere?
Tene per pictas oculo elegante
Currere formas?

Inter æquales, sine felle liber,
Godices, veri studiosuus, inter
Rectius vives. Sua quisque carpat
Gaudia gratis.

Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis,
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
At seni fluxo sapienter uti
Tempore restat.

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

Parva quidem regio, sed religione priorum
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cærula cursu,
Scire locus volui quid daret iste novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
Una duas cepit casa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum crederet esse deas.
Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet.
Mollia non desunt vacuæ solatia vitæ
Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
Fulserat illa dies, legis qua docta supernæ
Spes hominum et curas gens procul esse jubet.
Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras.
Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponte inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus
Cessarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus este æris sacra de turre sonantis
Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod sacrifici versavit fœmina libros ?

Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.
Quo vagor ulterius ? quod ubique requiritur hic est,
Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.

SKIA.

Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
Quam grata defesso virentem,
Skia, sinum nebulosa pandis !

His, cura, credo, sedibus exulat ;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis ;
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Insidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe latescere,
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodest vagari, nec frementes
In specula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit ;
Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
Parare posse, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum
Rex summe, solus tu regis, arbiter ;
Mentisque, te tollente, fluctus ;
Te, resident, moderante fluctus.

ODE DE SKIA INSULA.

Permeo terras ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tigurîque fumis
Fœda latescit.

Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
Inter ignotæ, strepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requirò,
Thralia dulcis ?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem.

Sit memor nostri, fideique solvat
Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

SPES.

Apr. 16, 1783.

Hora sic peragit citata cursum ;
Sic diem sequitur dies fugacem !
Spes novas nova lux parit, secunda
Spondens omnia credulis homullis ;
Spes ludit stolidas, metuque cæco
Lux angit, miseros ludens homullos.

VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS INSCRIBENDI.

Perpetui, ambitâ bis terrâ premia lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis.

AD FŒMINAM QUANDAM GENEROSAM QUÆ LIBERTATIS CAUSÆ IN SERMONE PATROCINATA FUERAT.

Liber ut esse velim suasisti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

Hora perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

Quas navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

Quot vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

Εις ΒΙΒΙΧΙΟΝ.*

Εεδεν 'Αληθειη πρω ην χαιρουσα γραφοντα
'Ηρωων τε βιους Βιρχιον, ηδε σοφων,
Και βιον, εἰπεν οταν ριψης θανατοιο βελεσσι,
Σου ποτε γραψομενον Βιρχιον αλλον εχοις.

Εις το της ΕΛΙΣΣΗΣ περι των 'Ονειρων Αινιγμα.†

Τη καλλυς δυναμει τι τελος; Ζευς παντα δεδωκεν
Κυπριδι, μηδ' αυτυ σκηπτρα μεμηλε Θεω.
'Εκ Διος εστιν Οναρ, θειος ποτ' εγραψεν Θμηρος,
Αλλα τοδ' εις θνητυς Κυπρις επεμψεν Οναρ·
Ζευς μυνος φλογοεντι πολεις εκπερσε κεραυνω,
Ομμασι λαμπρα Διος Κυπρις οιστα φερει.

In ELIZÆ Enigma.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptra Jovi.
Ab Jove Mæonides descendere somnia narrat:
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ,
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

---

‡ O qui benignus crimina ignoscis, pater
Facilisque semper confitenti ades reo,

* The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the history of the royal society, and other works of note.

† The lady on whom these verses, and the Latin ones that immediately follow, were written, is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who translated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.

‡ This and the three following articles are metrical versions of collects in the Liturgy; the first, of that, beginning, "O God,

Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis ;
Scelerum catenâ me laborantem gravè
Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

Per vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
Numine præsenti me tueare pater !
Me ducat lux sancta, Deus, lux sancta sequatur ;
Usque regat gressus, gratia fida meos.
Sic peragam tua jussa libens, accinctus ad omne
Mandatum, vivam, sic moriarque tibi.

Me, pater omnipotens, de puro respice cœlo,
Quem mœstum et timidum crimina dira gravant ;
Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente serena,
Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit,
Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

[Dec. 5, 1784.*]

Summe Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis ;
Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit ;

whose nature and property ;" the 2d. and 3d. of the collects for the 17th. and 21st. Sundays after Trinity ; and the 4th. of the 1st. collect in the communion service.

* The day on which he received the sacrament for the last time ; and eight days before his decease.

Quem nil vafrities peccantum subdola celat ;
Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis ;
Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice sordes
Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor ;
Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet ;
Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,
Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit !

PSALMUS CXVII.

Anni qua volucris ducitur orbita,
Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
Quovis sanguine cretæ
Gentes undique carmine.
Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
Omnes undique gentes,
Sancto dicite carmine.

* Seu te sæva, levitas sive improba fecit,
Musca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
Pone metum, rostrum, fidens immitte culullo,
Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,
Carpe diem, fugit, heu, non revocanda dies !

* The above is a version of the song, "Busy, curious, thirsty fly."

Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducat eodem,
Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur æstas,
Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit!
Olim præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ
Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

---

* Habeo, dedi quod alteri;
Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

---

†E WALTONI PISCATORE PREFECTO EXCERPTUM.

Nunc, per gramina fusi,
Densâ fronde salicti,

* These lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaster; and which are as follow;

What I gave that I have;
What I spent that I had;
What I left that I lost.

† These lines are a translation of part of a song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenser, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the last stanza, which, that the reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;

Dum defenditur imber,
Molles ducimus horas.
Hic, dum, debita morti
Paulum vita moratur,
Nunc rescire priora,
Nunc instare futuris,
Nunc summi prece sanctâ
Patris numen adire est.
Quicquid quæritur ultra,
Cæco ducit amore,
Vel spe ludit inani,
Luctus mox pariturum.

Where in a dike,
Pearch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chace,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging,
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath;
Other joys,
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

* Quisquis iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
Speluncæ latè Thamesis prætendit opacæ ;
Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
Crystallisque latex fractus scintillat acutis ;
Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
Splendit, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum ;
Ingredere O ! rerum purâ cole mente parentem ;
Auriferasque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.
Ingredere ! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur antrum !
Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri
Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis ;
Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspiria, in ipsâ
Morte memor patriæ ; hic, Marmontî pectore prima
Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.
Temnere opes, pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri
Fortis, ades ; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Bas. Ann. 1549.

Non Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit ;
Patria Sparta mihi esti, patria clara virûm.
Arte valent isti, mihi robo revivere solo est,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

* The above lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin, "Thou who shalt stop where Thames translucent wave."

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM passim nulla ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exsecuit, vascula prima meri,
Labraque constrictus, semesos, jamque terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.
Supplicium huic, quoniam crescentia gaudia læsit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triste levare malis.

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
Hic oculos socio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

QUI, mutare vias ausus terrequæ marisque,
Trajecit mones nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris
Militibus ; terris sit pelagoque pudor !

Br. 11.

SIT tibi, Calliope, Parnassum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adsit Homerus, adest etenim alter Achilles.

Br. 18.

Ad Musas Venus hæc ; Veneri parete puellæ,
In vos ne missus spicula tendat amor.
Hæc Musæ ad Venerem ; sic Marti, diva, mineris,
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Br. 19.

Prospera sors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat sordida cura jugum ;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit ;
Firma manet virtus ; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Br. 24.

Hora bonis quasi nunc instet suprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus secula, parce bonis ;
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille sapit.

Br. 24.

Nunquam jugera messibus onusta, aut
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri ;
Quod vitæ satis est, peto, Macrine,
Mi, nequid nimis, est nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

Non opto aut precibus posco ditescere, paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

Recta ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

Tu neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere mensæ,
Nec probosa avidæ grata sit offa gulæ ;
Nec ficto fletu, fictis solvare cachinnis,
Arridens domino, collacrymansque tuo.
Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque tristior unquam,
Sed Miliæ ridens, atque dolens Miliæ.

Br. 26.

Nil non mortale est mortalibus ; omne quod est hic
Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

Democrite, invisas homines majore cachinno,
Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.
Heraclite, fiuat lacrymarum crebrior imber ;
Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
Interea dubito ; tecum me causa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Br. 26.

Elige iter vitæ ut possis ; rixisque dolisque
Perstrepit omne forum ; cura molesta domi est.
Rura labor lassat ; mare mille pericula terrent ;

Verte solum, fient causa timoris opes ;
Paupertas misera est ; multæ cum conjuge lites
Tecta ineunt ; cœlebs omnia solus ages.
Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ est
Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori.

Elige iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque
Permeat omne forum ; vita quieta domi est.
Rus ornat natura ; levat maris aspera Lucrum,
Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus ;
Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
Tecta ineunt, cœlebs impediere minus ;
Mulcet amor prolis, sopor est sine prole profundus ;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate senex.
Nemo optet nunquam venisse in luminis oras,
Aut periisse, scatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

Vita omnis scena est ludusque, aut ludere disce
Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

Quæ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit ?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera terras,
Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.
Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

TERRAM adis nudus, de terra nudus abibo.
Quid labor efficiet ? non nisi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo ;
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, misellum,
Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.

QUISQUIS adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

FÆLIX ante alios nullius debitor æris,
Hunc sequiter cœlebs ; tertius, orbe, venis.
Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam
Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra
Quales sint monades, quà fit inane, sinas.

Br. 31.

OPTARIT quicunque senex sibi longius ævum,
Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.
Cum procul est, optat, cum venit, quisque senectam,
Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

OMNIS vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una
Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

Br. 55.

Gratia er grata est velox, sin forte moretur,
Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Br. 56.

Seu prece poscatur; seu non, da Jupiter omne,
Magne, bonum, omne, malum et poscentibus abnue nobis.

Br. 60.

Me, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; restat lepori conscendere cœlum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce canis!

Br. 70.

Telluri, arboribus ver frondens, sidera cœlo
Græciæ et urbs, urbi est ista propago, decus.

Br. 75.

Impia facta patrans, hominis fortasse latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

Antiope satyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juvencum,
Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.

Ævi sat novi quam sim brevis; astra tuenti,
Per certas stabili lege voluta vices,

Tangitur haud pedibus tellus ; conviva Deorum
Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibis.

Br. 96.

Quod niminum est sit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere priores.
Et melli nimiō fellis amaror inest.

Br. 103.

Puppe gubernatrix sedisti, audacia, prima
Divitiis acuens aspera corda virum ;
Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.
Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis
E longinquo iidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 125.

Ditescis, credo, quid restat ? quicquid habebis
In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes ?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa zvi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

Mater adulantum, prolesque pecunia curæ,
Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

Me miserum sors omnis habet ; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca senis ;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

Mnemosyne, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.

Br. 152.

Cum tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

Nunc huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat
Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.

Br. 156.

Non Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

Hic, aurum ut reperit, laquem abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laquem.

Br. 167.

Vive tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, hic bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

Vitæ rosa brevis est, properans si carpere nolis
Quærenti obveniet mox sine flore rubus.

Br. 170.

Publicibus morsus, restinctâ lampade, stultus
Exclamat; nunc me cernere definitis.

Br. 202.

Menodotum pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Monodotum, nullius absimilis.

Br. 205.

Haud lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre calenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

Nycticorax cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti
Demophilo auscultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

Hermem Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus palestræ qui vigil custos stetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.

Br. 223.

Qui jacet hic, servus vixit, nunc, lumine cassus,
Durio magno nun minus ille potest.

Br. 227.

Funus Alexandri mentitur fama ; fidesque
Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Br. 241.

Nauta, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro,
Eveniat tantum metior unda tibi !

Br. 256.

Cur opulentus eges ? tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.
Sic alliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

Qui pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido tetua barba fecit.

Br. 266.

Clarus Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii ; cuncta sepulta jacent ;
Et pius, et recti cultor ; non illa jacere
Dicam ; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

Cunctiparens tellus salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

Naufragus hic jaceo ; contra, jacet ecce colonus !
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

Quid salvere jubes me, pessime ? Corripe Gressus ;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.

Br. 304.

Et ferus est Timon sub terris ; janitor orci,
Cerbere, te morsu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307

Vitam a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.
Sufficit hoc votis, flos hic pulcherrimus ævi est,
Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

Zosima, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326.

Exiguum en ! Priami monumentum ; haud ille meretur
Quale, sed hostiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumulatus idem.

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus infit,
Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

SERVUS, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deûm.

Br. 445.

Unde hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

Br. 451.

Sufflato accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendans; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

Jupiter hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquit Olympum,
Atthide non alius desit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

Civis et externus grati; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

POMPEII.

Br. 487.

Cum fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

Latrones alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

Fortunæ malim adversæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre supercilium.

En, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente,
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

Pulchra est virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes si vellent virginitate frui ;
Nequitiam fugiens, servatâ contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros
Per Trojæ flammas, densaque tela, patrem,
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

Forma animos hominum capit, at, si gratia desit,
Non tenet ; esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

Cogitat aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa strepit.

Buccina disjecit Thebarum mœnia, struxit
Quæ lyra quam sibi non concinit harmonia !

Mente senes olim juvenis, Faustine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda senex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim
Turba senum, juvenes nunc tribuere seni.

Exceptæ hospitio musæ, tribuere libellos
Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

Stella mea, observans stellas. Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

Clara Cheroneæ soboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc statuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
Ad Divos paribus passibus ire duces ;
Sed similem, Plutarche, tuæ describere vitam
Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.

Dat tibi Pythagoram pictor ; quod ni ipse taceret
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.

Prolem Hippi et sua quâ meliorem secula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus ;
Quam, regum sobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque sororem
Fecerunt nulli sors titulique gravem.

Cecropidis gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Quo tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis.
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminiâ laurus,
Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt.
Sint Demosthenica ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere, gravis.

Floribus in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi ;
Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
Cum violis ; spirant lilia mista rosis.
His redimita comas, mores depone superbos,
Hæc peritura nitent ; tu peritura nites !

Murem Asclepiades sub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi ?
Mus blandum ridens, respondit, pelle timorem ;
Hic, bone vir, sedem, non alimenta, peto.

Sæpe tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor ;

Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda querelas,
Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam!

Arti ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope, supplicii vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Promethei
Munera muneribus, si retulere fabri.

Illa triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum
Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,
Hoc Veneri speculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

Crethida fabellas dulces garrire peritam
Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami;
Blandam lanifici sociam sine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

Dicite, Causidici, gelido nunc Marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

Si forsan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

EPICTETEI.

Me, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,
Quo, lege, vestrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, sin reluctari velim,
Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

E. THEOCRITO.

Poeta, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor ;
At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

EUR. MED. 193—203.

Non immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm væcors insipientia,
Qui convivia lautasque dapes
Hilarare suis jussere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus elaris exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit
Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset ;
Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni ?

Sat lætitiâ sine subsidiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

* Τοιος Αρης βροτολοιγος ενι πτολεμοισι μεμηνε
Και τοιος, Παφιην πτηξιν ερωτι Θεαν.

SEPTEM ÆTATES.

Prima parit terras ætas, siccatque secunda,
Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta supersit;
Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

* The above is a version of a Latin Epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough, by the Abbé Salvini, which is as follows;

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis;
Haud alio, Cypriam percurit ore Deam.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

* His Tempelmanni numeris descripseris orbem,
[1] Cum sex centuriis Judæo millia septem.
Myrias [2] Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.
Myrias adsciscit sibi nonagesima septem
Imperium qua Turca [3] ferox exercet iniquum.
Undecies binas decadas et millia septem.
Sortitur [4] Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
Myriadas decies septem numerare jubebit
Pastor [4] Arabs; decies octo sibi Persa [4] requirit.
Myriades sibi pulchra duas, duo millia poscit

* To the above lines, which are unfinished, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment, in the doctor's manuscript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica." As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not quite so exactly done.....For the convenience of the reader, it has been thought right to subjoin each number, as it stands in Templeman's works, to that in Dr. Johnson's verses which refers to it.

1 In this first article that is versified, there is an accurate conformity in Dr. Johnson's number to Templeman's; who sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

2 The square miles of Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

3 The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman is computed at 960,057 square miles.

4 In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnson's verses are alike. We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be set down at 7,220 square miles. Arabia, at 700,000.....Persia, at 800,000,... and Naples, at 22,000.

Parthenope.[4] [5] Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.
[6] Papa suo regit imperio ter millia quinque.
Cum sex centuriis numerat sex millia Tuscus. [7]
Centuriâ Ligures [8] augent duo millia quartâ.
Centuræ octavam decadem addit Lucca [9] secundæ.
Ut dicas, spatiis quam latis imperet orbi
[10] Russia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis;
[11] Sardiniam cum sexcentis sex millia complent.
Cum sexagenis, dum plura recluserit ætas,
Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra [12] colendas.
Vult sibi vicenas millesima myrias addi,
Vicenis quinas, Asiam [13] metata celebrem.
Se quinquagenis octingentesima jungit
Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa [14] doctæ.
Myriadas septem decies Europa [15] ducentis
Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.
Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, sexque
Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis.[16]

4 Ibid. 5 Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

6 The Pope's dominions, at 14,868.

7 Tuscany, at 6,640.

8 Genoa, in Templeman, as in Johnson likewise, is set down at 2,400.

9 Lucca, at 286.

10 The Russian empire, in the 29th. plate of Templeman, is set down at 3,303,485 square miles.

11 Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewise in Johnson, 6,600.

12 The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in square miles, at 30,666,806 square miles.

13 Asia, at 10,257,487.

14 Africa, at 8,506,208.

15 Europe, at 2,749,349.

16 The British dominions, at 105,634.

Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque [17] Anglia nectit
Millia myriadi septem fœcunda secundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne,[18]
Quingentis quadragenis socialis adauget
Millia Belga [19] novem.
Ter sex centurias Hollandia [19] jactat opima
Undecimum Camber [19] vult septem millibus addi.

17 England, as likewise in Johnson's expression of the number, at 49,450.

18 Ireland, at 27,457.

19 In the three remaining instances, which make the whole that Dr. Johnson appears to have rendered into Latin verse, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with those of Templeman; who makes the square miles of the United Provinces, 9540.....of the province of Holland, 1800.....and of Wales, 7,011.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.